

# sputnik

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No. 11**



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We are always glad to hear from our readers. Please address your letters to The Editor, Sputnik Magazine, 2 Pushkin Square, Moscow, USSR

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Suggestions

I feel I would like to say, as an ordinary English housewife, how much I enjoy your art section and, as a collector of Soviet stamps, how instructive and interesting the article on that subject is.

... Please go on with your recipes as they are wonderfully presented and will be a welcome addition to our table.

*Alice M. Beedle, Forsham,  
Exeter, Devon, England*

I hope you will have as much as possible on poetry and art in future. ... I was very impressed with the poets Andrei Voznesensky and Mikhail Svetlov, as well as with the artists Kuzma Petrov-Vodkin and especially Yuri Pimenov.

*G. J. Swensen, Banbury,  
Western Australia*

... May I suggest a column of latest Philatelist news and views, perhaps with illustrations?

*C. Marchant,  
London, England*

### Both sides of the Atlantic

SPUTNIK is very interesting. The only fault I have to find with it is that the front and the back covers are too close together.

*George C. Marley,  
Binghamton, N.Y., USA*

Not being a Communist or something like it I am glad to say that one has the opportunity to get acquainted with your country by way of documentation, facts and many other interesting and objective articles published in your SPUTNIK digest.

*Theo de Krayf, Nymegen, Holland  
continued on page 5*

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We do not agree

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *continued*

### SPUTNIK in Britain

Having read the publicity heralding the appearance of SPUTNIK in England, I decided to satisfy my curiosity and buy the November edition of the digest, having expected, I must admit, a magazine full of propaganda. How very pleasantly surprised I was, when I began to read this high quality publication, which will undoubtedly go a long way to giving the English people an insight into the lives of the inhabitants of the USSR.

*I. S. Wilder, Weston Super-Mare,  
Somerset, England*

I particularly enjoyed the articles by N. Semyonov "Unforgettable Years" and L. Lifshits "Stop Them Fouling Our Earth", and also your "Russian Made Easy", in the November issue.

*J. Wilcock, Oldham,  
Lancashire, England*

I deprecate Mr. Gardner's comments in his letter to you [November]. I am certainly not a stupid person, and I cannot trace any of the so-called "political persuasion", be it "crude or naive", or extremely sophisticated!

It would interest me greatly, and no doubt many others of your readers, to know something of the sphere of Banking in USSR.

*Richard Austin-Cooper,  
Rayleigh, Essex, England*

With reference to Richard Gardner's letter I cannot agree with his idea of "political persuasion". For does mere speaking of the realities of life mean politics? Or in general, is the writer telling us that the dissemination of scientific facts to the entire world is political persuasion?

*Fola Oredoyin,  
Mashin-Lagos, Nigeria*

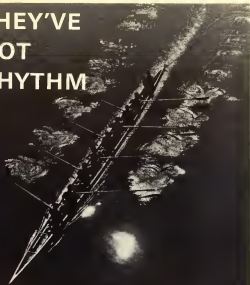
To disagree with Prof. B. M. Stanfield (the November issue) I must admit that I find the illustrations very pleasing and I hope they will continue to be included in future editions of SPUTNIK.

*D. Lomas,  
Manchester, England*

OUR MOST SINCERE THANKS TO ALL READERS WHO SENT GREETINGS ON THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SOVIET STATE.

*Editor and staff of SPUTNIK*

# THEY'VE GOT RHYTHM



by V. Vinokurov

from the magazine *Molodoi Kommunist* (Young Communist)

When an athlete is round 30, he finds the going tough against younger contenders. Some switch to coaching; others have a crack at TV and radio commentaries. The athlete who has a solid, interesting career outside athletics is fortunate. This article tells you about some sportsmen who did not have all their eggs in one basket.

The crew I have in mind scored enough victories to fill ten pages. Three times they rowed to top honours in European championships. They came back with silver medals from the Helsinki Olympics—the first Olympics in which the USSR competed—and won the Henley Regatta eights. But it is their most important victories, victories without medals, that I want to tell of in this article.

The *Krylya Sovetov* (trade union sports society) heavy eights are not confined to eight oarsmen, for some years they had 16, and after the war about 50 pooled their strength and skill in the rowing team. Replacements were found each year by the coaches Alexei Shebuyev and Alexander Shvedov.

Shvedov, Lecturer  
and Coach



When Shvedov teamed up with Shebuyev to form a rowing club, it was not only rowing that he wanted to teach the youngsters.

Boys who had known no other childhood but war and its sufferings needed help to find a place in life—and sport was one way to do it.

About 50 oarsmen were available: from them a heavy-eights crew had to be formed. It was done by secret ballot at a *Krylya Sovetov* Sports Club general meeting. The boys' guiding principle was: "If I know an oarsman is better than I am, I'll

never put my name ahead of his." This principle, honourably observed, prevented poorly trained oarsmen getting in the first eight.

Shvedov, after training sessions, got the boys to put forward their ideas, to say how each felt when rowing and what he thought of the crew in general. These talkathons sometimes lasted far into the night. Without discussion, Shvedov could not imagine the crew getting very far. He did not impose his concepts,

but encouraged the boys to draw the correct conclusions.

In 1952, when the Olympics were not far ahead, Shvedov was working on a thesis for his degree. The crew had to prepare without him—a real test.

But his training paid dividends in the speed, team-work and harmony that took the Soviet oarsmen to victory. With the medals in their hands the oarsmen went to the telegraph office and wired: "Everything fine with us. What about your thesis?" Next day the reply came: "Congratulations on your success.

#### Kryukov— Perfectionist



At home, Vladimir Kryukov keeps the oar he used through the years. It's not an ordinary oar; it's more like a work of art. Kryukov spent many an hour polishing it, pinpointing the gravity centre and changing the scoop angle.

Kryukov made this oar as a bobby task, and later built a model motorboat—a model that would not have disgraced an exhibition. "Golden fingers" they say of him. And Shvedov, working in the same laboratory, adds: "And a bead of gold, too."

Kryukov is a perfectionist at heart, and demands the best from himself. As an experimental engi-

Presented thesis O.K."

One Sunday afternoon in summer 1960, the heavy eight got into their racing shell: Yevgeni Brago, Yevgeni Samsonov, Vladimir Rodimushkin, Slava Amiragov, Igor Borisov, Leonid Gissen, Alexei Komarov and Vladimir Kryukov, with Alexander Shvedov as cox.

The shell slipped so easily through the water that it seemed they had been rowing together for the past ten years. These oarsmen, remaining together for victory after victory, earned the nicknames of the "Golden Eight" and the "Eight Professors".

eer, he wrote a brilliant treatise on heat transmission in rocket and other aero engines. He vacillated for several years about presenting a thesis on the subject, and only after many corrections and amendments did he take this final step to his degree.

Oarsmen stroking a crew refer to Kryukov as the best stroke ever known, just as fans refer to Yasbin as the best goalkeeper and Botvinnik as the best chess player.

Kryukov became the ideal stroke after he had changed places in the

racing shell, to get a better feel of the craft. The crew noted that whenever Kryukov became stroke, rowing became easier.

So they voted at a locker-room meeting, and Kryukov, though still young, became No. 8.

The capacities of No. 8, or stroke, determine the race. The stroke man sets the pace and rhythm. Kryukov fitted the role to a T: he showed great self-control and was

cool in the toughest situations.

"Without Kryukov", some of the experts said, "You are not a team. Put Kryukov as stroke of any crew, and soon it will be beating all comers." But Shvedov, while recognizing Kryukov as a master oarsman, knew that the experts were wrong. And Kryukov laughed and said: "Well, I'm not going to desert my boys just to prove the experts are wrong."

#### Brago— "The Anarchist"



It's strange, in a group where all have common interests and goals, to call a man "The Anarchist". Brago got the idea one day that he wasn't as well trained as the rest of the eight and was a burden to them. He thought he was beginning to put on weight, and he told Shvedov about his misgivings. Shvedov tried to talk him out of it the first time; next he called on the boys to help, and the third time he smiled resignedly. He knew he couldn't convince Brago, and he knew what Brago would do. Brago began to bolt his meals, to be first to leave the table and start exercising to keep his weight down. He went on long cross-country runs and did wrist-strengthening exercises.

While other crewmen rested, Brago worked himself into a lather of sweat. That was when they dubbed him "The Anarchist". Shvedov let him off lightly at regular training, so as not to overtax him. Brago soon began to feel more at ease. "I guess I'm in condition now", he said. "I've cut down my weight and I won't be a burden to anyone." He began to eat as much as the rest of the crew, and stopped being the odd one out. But the nickname of "The Anarchist" stuck.

While they were rowing, the crewmen continued studies at colleges and universities. Brago's thesis was ready just as the others were beginning to embark on engineering, medi-

cal and scientific careers. "He's an anarchist, all right", they said. "Even here he broke away from us." Brago had studied hard and won his degree in technical sciences the year they all left big-time competition.

Professors usually make no allowances for titles like Merited Master of Sport. However, when Brago presented his thesis at the Electric Power Institute, one outstanding professor pointed out to the Scientific Council: "I would like to add, for those who do not know,

that Yevgeni Brago holds three European championship titles and is a Merited Master of Sport."

The Scientific Council gave him a big hand, but this did not influence their judgment of his paper. It had already been classified as "excellent". Brago had been studying electric discharge and the nature of electric sparks. He designed an electronic optical chronograph to study high-speed processes, and suggested a means of photographing these processes which rivalled the method devised by Academician Kurchatov.

**Amiragov—  
the Dreamer**



Slava Amiragov never had a moment to spare. If he had finished institute lessons he would begin studying English right on the mooring raft or during short training breaks. When he had finished his English lesson, he might think up some device to help the crew in their training. In between first and second courses at the training camp cafeteria he would busy himself with mathematical problems. He had expert understanding of aviation instruments, shone as a mathematician and was a first-rate sportsman.

On his first trip abroad, Amiragov tried out his English on some British sportsmen. They smiled toler-

antly and nodded their heads unable to understand a word he said. Amiragov, unable to understand the Englishmen, also smiled and nodded. On the second trip to England, Amiragov was the crew's personal interpreter.

He designed an instrument to determine the angle of an oar's curve—an angle which should be from two to three degrees. Amiragov's instrument detected even the slightest deviations. This precise measuring was not necessary, but the boys liked the instrument because it was unique: they would spend hours

deciding just the right angle.

In the end everyone got fed up with it—everyone except Amiragov. At Henley Regatta he decided to set the angle for all the oars himself. A crowd of about a hundred gathered round him. At first, his work seemed interesting enough, but as time went by watchers realized

this could go on for ever. In a few hours the crowd was laughing. At last Slava burst out laughing, and dropped the instrument into the water.

Others of his inventions fared better. They included gadgets and devices he invented as an aviation engineer.

**Gissen—  
the Iron Man**



Leonid Gissen had poor lungs from childhood, so he took up rowing on the advice of parents and doctor. Though he excelled in rowing, he was in and out of hospital. Many treatments, some painful, were tried. The doctors did not order him to drop rowing; they feared that without it he might sicken and die. Sometimes he coughed through the night, and in the morning said that something had got stuck in his throat.

Eventually doctors decided on an operation, and discovered that a tiny seed, evidently inhaled in childhood, had worked its way into his lungs. His troubles had not come singly: over the same period as his lung trouble he also suffered from acute radiculitis, and quite often was only able to row after a novocaine injection. Sportsmen know what this means: the pain may return at any moment. But his crew-mates also knew that Leonid would last out till

the end of the race, no matter what happened.

While visiting Paris he suffered an agonizing attack of radiculitis. But the urge to see the beautiful city proved stronger than the pain, and with the rest of the crew he covered many miles in its streets and museums.

Perhaps it was natural that Leonid Gissen should graduate as a doctor. He is a psychiatrist, and recently received the degree of Master of Medical Sciences.

He now seeks to apply psychiatry in sport, particularly in the training of high-calibre athletes. Largely due to his efforts, the Institute of Psychiatry under the Academy of Medical Sciences is organizing a special laboratory for the purpose.

The man once racked in pain by weak lungs and radiculitis proved a man of iron.





*The Krylya Sovetov eight, Finland, 1952. Left to right: Yevgeni Brago, Vladimir Rodimushkin, Alexei Komarov, Igor Borisov, Slava Amiragov, Leonid Gissen, Yevgeni Samsonov, Vladimir Kryukov.*



*Alexander Shebuev, one of the coaches.*



*After winning the USSR championship in Moscow, 1950.*



*Getting the boat ready for a race is an art in itself. Left to right: V. Rodimushkin, S. Amrakov, Y. Samsonov, Y. Brago.*



*Rowing was never this hard! Vladimir Kryukov with the very substantial trophy won at Henley in 1954.*



*Variety is the spice of life!*

The racing shell comes into view. The heavy eights are returning after their annual get-together. Among war veterans the convention is to meet in front of the Bolshoi Theatre; for old school friends it is Red Square and for college students their

Alma Maters. These veteran oarsmen prefer to meet on the water once a year. I have been able to tell of only half the eight.

I have yet to write of modest, hard-working Volodya Rodimushkin, who, in Shvedov's opinion should

become a great coach. And of Yevgeni Samsonov, soon to get his teacher's degree, and now USSR national eight's coach.

Then there are Igor Borisov, now a Moscow Aviation Institute teacher, and Alexei Komarov,

always an enthusiastic oarsman. The "Krylya Sovetov" eight's shell approaches the finishing line. The speed is a far cry from days of yore. But the even dip of their oars is like clockwork—they have got rhythm, and they will never lose it.

## PIRATED POETRY

This is a dramatic episode  
in world literature,  
a story of the stolen  
and regained fame  
of Mirza-Shaffy Vazekh,  
an outstanding  
Azerbaijan poet  
and scholar.

by Roman Belousov

from the magazine  
*Selskaya Molodezh*  
(Rural Youth)

Friedrich von Bodenstedt, the German poet and translator, who left behind him 12 volumes of works, was awarded a noble rank for his services to literature, when he died in Wiesbaden in 1892, a monument was erected in his honour in the town and

he soon began to figure in encyclopaedias and reference books.

When Bodenstedt was 22, he was invited to Russia by the fabulously rich Count Mikhail Golitsyn as tutor to his sons. Two years later, he went to Tiflis—now the Georgian capital, Tbilisi—where he met Mirza-Shaffy Vazekh, an impoverished Azerbaijani teacher.

Mirza-Shaffy was called "the Wise Man from Ganja". He was an outstanding scholar and poet. Mirza-Shaffy tutored Friedrich von Bodenstedt in Oriental languages and Eastern poetry. When in the mood he would recite to his student poems of his own, and Bodenstedt copied them down with typical German neatness of hand.

Bodenstedt eventually collected a great many of Mirza-Shaffy's poems and songs and never ceased to marvel at his poetical talent. "How can one compose such beautiful lines so swiftly and with such ease?" he once asked the poet. Mirza-Shaffy picked a bunch of flowers, gave them to Bodenstedt and said: "See! I picked these flowers in an instant, but they did not grow in an instant. It is the same with my songs . . ."

In 1845 Bodenstedt unexpectedly tendered his resignation and went home to Germany, taking with him the precious notes of his teacher's poems. He began to write books about his travels in Russia, and above all in the Caucasus.

One of them, published in Frankfurt in 1850 under the intriguing title, *A Thousand and One Days in the East*, described life and

habits in these faraway lands vividly and objectively. But readers were mostly attracted by the beautiful poems Bodenstedt included in this volume.

The book's popularity came as a surprise to Bodenstedt, who realized that his translations of Mirza-Shaffy's poems were the main reason for its success. The next year, 1851, a Berlin publishing house brought out *Songs by Mirza-Shaffy*. Critics enthusiastically acclaimed the book. Fame had come to the formerly unknown German linguist.

He was showered with questions about the author of the poems. Up to this point he had not tried to conceal their origin and in a brief prologue in verse to *Songs by Mirza-Shaffy* had described himself as a modest translator, who had jotted down these beautiful songs so that he could later interpret them for Germans.

*Songs by Mirza-Shaffy* continued to grow in popularity; more and more editions were needed to meet public demand. Bodenstedt began to reap laurels that belonged to his tutor, Mirza-Shaffy, teaching for a pittance in distant Tiflis, never dreaming that his poems were eagerly sought after in Germany. Soon news of his death reached Bodenstedt.

Now the German maintained an enigmatic silence when inquisitive readers asked him about Mirza-Shaffy. Rumours were fostered that Mirza-Shaffy was not a real person at all, and that the name was really the literary pseudonym of Bodenstedt himself. Not only did the

German translator fail to scotch the rumours; by his mysterious silence he encouraged still wilder surmises that flattered him. His German translations from Turkic were "transformed" into original works—by Bodenstedt. And these "original works" began to appear in Britain and Spain, France and Hungary.

The pre-revolutionary poet and democrat, Mikhail Mikhnilov, was the first to translate *Songs by Mirza-Shaffy* from German into Russian. Their moving lyricism and melodious rhythm inspired the Russian composer Anton Rubinstein to write his famous vocal cycle, *The Persian Songs*. As the ultimate in the irony of this plagiarism, *Songs by Mirza-Shaffy* were translated back into the original Turkic.

Meanwhile, a certain Adolph Berger, an "expert on the Orient", was contributing articles to the German press that tended to cover the plagiarist. Berger did not deny that a Mirza-Shaffy had lived in Tiflis, but he declared that he had

never been and never claimed to be a poet. Berger ruled, as an "expert on the Orient", that the author of the *Songs* was not Mirza-Shaffy, but Friedrich Bodenstedt.

Bodenstedt, with a show of modesty, merely confessed to "mystification". His calculated evasion reinforced the theory that he, the German from Hanover, was the real author. This view prevailed for many years—until Soviet scholars proved that Friedrich Bodenstedt had committed plagiarism, that he had stolen fame belonging to the Azerbaijani poet.

Recently, Soviet literary critics—Salman Mumtaz, A. Seidzade, N. Rafii and others—unearthed manuscripts of previously unknown poems of Mirza-Shaffy that proved beyond all doubt that the Azerbaijani and not the German translator was the author of Mirza-Shaffy's songs.

Mirza-Shaffy has at last been accorded his due place of honour among the great poets of Azerbaijan.

## TRACTOR THAT SAILS RIVERS

A 10-ton tractor made a sharp turn on a river bank and, its caterpillars clanging, headed for the water and sailed off amid foaming waves.

This amphibious tractor can break a 12-inch ice cover, roll big logs down from shallow places into deep water or from sloping banks, push timber where the current is slow and break up blockages. Its upper part looks like a river motor-launch. It has a winch and timber-floating equipment on deck and a deck-cabin for a crew of three.

The sailing tractor has a leak-proof body. Its two water-propulsion engines drive it at over 6 m.p.h. Speed on land is up to 9 m.p.h.

From *Vechernyaya Moskva*



4,000

YEAR-  
OLD  
MOVIES

by Konstantin Lausbkin

From the magazine *ZNANIYE-SILA*

## 4,000 YEAR OLD MOVIES

Karelia is a land of lake and forest, mist and rain. It has 40,000 lakes, among them Ladoga and Onega, the two largest in Europe. There is pine, spruce and the famous Karelian birch in abundance. One-fifth of this northern region is swamp land; fog often blankets the forests and lakes . . . rain drenches the earth . . . the summers are cool.

In Karelia, Soviet archaeologists have unearthed hundreds of Neolithic (3000-2000 B.C.) settlements, and it is estimated that Man first appeared here in 6000-4000 B.C. Many rock drawings—masterpieces of primitive art—have been found.

About 600 drawings have been discovered on the eastern shores of Lake Onega, a picture gallery it took centuries to create. With tools made of rough stone, the primitive artists hewed human figures, animals, birds, fish, reptiles, fantastic creatures and symbols of the moon and the sun on the hard granite surface. They must have had a clear concept of what they wanted to depict, keen eyesight and steady hands, for one false blow of the sharp stone could ruin a picture. Granite is a "canvas" which cannot be worked over.

The selection of the site for the pictures is interesting. It is on the edge of a cliff by the water. Only rarely did an artist go more than a few feet from the shoreline. But it was obviously inconvenient as well as dangerous to work on a cliff over the deep waters of the lake. There

are so many safer and more convenient spots nearby. Why did the artists ignore them?

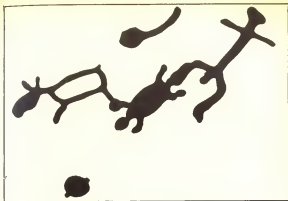
Rock drawings are best seen in the slanting rays of the setting sun, and it is clear that the artists selected the location not out of love for risky ventures, but because of the light effect.

I had the good fortune to see some of the drawings during the summer solstice. It was on the third promontory of Perinos, where there is an especially large collection. The composition here is extremely interesting. It could be called the "Crime and Punishment of the Frog".

Before sunset the drawings looked dim and were hardly distinguishable from the background. But as soon as the sun was close to the horizon, the dark-red, polished granite glowed with a soft pink light and the multi-coloured lines of the drawings were thrown into prominence.

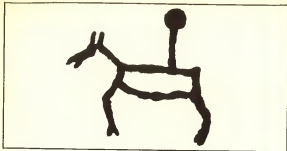
This wonderful performance can be scientifically explained. Granite has a grainy structure, but it polishes well. The granite on Lake Onega has been polished for thousands of years by water, whereas the line drawings on the smooth surface of the cliffs retained the grainy structure of the rock. The sections of the drawings filled with a myriad of tiny crystal prisms reflect much more light than the surrounding smooth surface. This is why the drawings suddenly "come alive". But this light effect is not their only unique feature.

As soon as the rays of the sun touch the cliff, the drawings become animated. The frog approaches the



*As soon as the rays of the setting sun fell upon the rock drawings the elk, the hunter and the frog came alive. This amazing picture was the work of an artist who lived in North Karelia forty centuries ago.*





*And here is the sun riding a deer.  
These rock paintings have become a great tourist attraction.*



elk, the elk paws the ground, the hunter makes a motion with his hand (one's imagination easily fills out the story: the hunter has just thrown the axe with his right hand and in order to keep his balance spreads his left arm), the axe above the frog wavers (the blow is coming!), the camp fire flickers. The performance on the granite screen lasted for a quarter of an hour. Then as the sun disappeared beneath the horizon, the drawings faded.

Another miracle! But there is an explanation for this, too. Think of electrical advertising signs. As the electric bulbs are turned on and off, the light from the bulbs appears to our eyes like running lines. The same effect can be observed here. Groups of minute prisms on the uneven surface of the drawing act as the "bulbs". At different moments some get more light than others. So the intensity of the reflected lights is also different: some lights are brighter than others.

On the cliffs two light streams merge: one comes directly from the setting sun and the other is reflected by the surface of the lake. Both sources of light are in motion. As the sun slowly descends over the horizon, the angle of incidence of the light is constantly changing. The water, on the other hand, plays the role of a vibrating reflector. And, as

the rays move, they cause different groups of prisms to scintillate. To the viewer this movement of patches of light along the drawings becomes the movement of the drawings themselves.

With great ingenuity the "primitive" artists found those spots on the cliff where the incised figures would "come alive" at a certain time. They had to consider the slope of the cliff, the barely detectable curvature of its surface and its distance from the water. The drawings were not made in colour, but as the angle of incidence of the sun's rays on the cliff changed, a wide range of colours came into play.

It is generally thought that figurative painting flourished in primitive societies during the Upper Paleolithic Age (approximately 30,000-20,000 B.C.). The famous "frescoes" of the Lascaux cave in France and the paintings of the Altamira caverns in Spain belong to this period.

The Omega pictures represent a later aspect of the art of primitive man. The Neolithic artists improved on the Paleolithic traditions of painting.

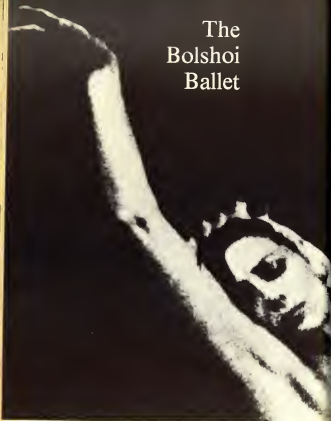
More than that, they discovered something containing the germ of future "motion pictures". It can be said that the Omega artists created the most ancient cinematography.



People learn to talk, but the chief art is to know how and when to be silent.

Leo Tolstoy

# The Bolshoi Ballet



*Maya Plisetskaya (left) is renowned for her unique, amazingly expressive arm movements. In the "Dying Swan" she dances almost entirely with her arms—and the result is magic.*



**Ballet holds out infinite possibilities for the camera. However many shots one takes, there is always something left, something more to reveal, some further surprise, some tempting new height to scale. Here we show a few of the works of Soviet photographers devoted to the Bolshoi Ballet.**

*Galina Ulanova (top) and Marina Semyonova (right)—two legendary ballerinas whose names are inseparably linked with the history of the Bolshoi Theatre. Now they are both passing on the benefit of their experience to stars of the future.*





*Scene from "Spartacus", one of the latest works of the composer Aram Khachaturyan.*



*Ekaterina Maximova in the role of Giselle. Until comparatively recently Maximova was unknown. Today she is a prima ballerina.*

*Vladimir Vasiliev as Pan in "Walpurgis Night". Vasiliev has been awarded the gold medal, generally accepted as denoting the finest dancer in the world.*



*Another Giselle—this time Natalia Bessmertnaya, a former pupil of Galina Ulanova.*





*"Swan Lake"—the ballet which fans  
associate most closely with the Bolshoi  
Theatre.*



## Platinum Wedding Anniversary

by Mikhail Lavrentiev

from the weekly *Nedel'ya*

Two hours remained until the wedding celebrations and, in keeping with custom, we took turns reading love poetry to the bride and groom. Izzet Izzetov, who is in charge of the cultural department of the Khachmass District Executive Committee and a great-lover of Azerbaijani poetry, was reciting pentameters by the twelfth-century poetess Makh-sati:


"... I thought that the stream of that love ran shallow but the moment I stepped into it I was engulfed head and shoulders."

The bridegroom, Balakishi Orudzhev, set his big Caucasian hat straight and exchanged a glance with his happy bride, Amina.

I read them an extract from a collection of poems by the contemporary poetess Fazul Alieva, *Engravings on a Stone*:

"Who lifted me so high?  
My wife did. She was clever.  
Who threw me down so deep?  
My wife did. She was stupid."

The "newly-weds" glanced at each other understandingly. At that



The cream of Russian ballets has danced before the gilded, ornately decorated auditorium of the Bolshoi Theatre—to the delight of audiences numbering over 2,000.

moment dark-eyed Adila climbed up on Amina's lap while six-year-old Eldar came up to Balakishi. I went to fetch the notebook in which I had already recorded the spreading genealogical tree of the Orudzhevs. Without notes, how was I to remember the relationship of Adila or Eldar to the star performers of the day? They turned out to be great-grandsons.

Amina and Balakishi have a multitude of living descendants, daughters-in-law and sons-in-law. Indeed, without a computer it is hard to work out relationships and an adding machine would be helpful in counting up the multitude of wedding presents.

From the orchard, music drifted to the Orudzhev's veranda. Local singers and musicians were rehearsing their special offering: new songs composed in honour of the "newly-weds".

The first wedding of Amina and Balakishi took place in 1867 when she was fifteen and he twenty. The second, the "silver wedding", was in 1892, the third, the "golden wedding", in 1917, half a century ago, the fourth, the "diamond wedding", in 1942 and now the fifth—1967. As far as I know, there is no special name for the 100th wedding anniversary, so perhaps I can name it "platinum". A century of love and harmony is unique in the history of marital devotion.

"As our people say," said Balakishi, "choose your companion before you set out on your journey. I chose Amina and have lived happily with her for a 100 years."

The sun had passed its zenith and was rolling in the direction of the

mountains. Following the sun, Balakishi had once driven herds of sheep—for 30 years. Then, for another 53 years, he had sailed the Caspian Sea in a tarred boat.

"My wife met me after every one of my trips. And when you know that you are being waited for, your legs run faster."

"Under the old Moslem laws, husbands could have many wives," said Amina, "but I have been his only wife for all these 100 years. We have never said a bad word to each other. I know that a grumbling wife causes her husband to grumble, too, and that he will grow older the faster for it."

The music grew more insistent, the flute and the fife joining in. It was time to go to the clearing where bright carpets had been laid down and a shashlyk-maker was at work. The first centenary wedding celebrations in the Soviet Union were under way.

I stayed for several days with the hospitable Orudzhevs and saw young newly-weds come to Amina and Balakishi for advice.

"Leave me the book which tells about the clever and the stupid wives," asked Amina. "If a woman comes to me with complaints about her husband, I shall make her read it a 100 times!"

"And what if a man comes with complaints about his wife?" I asked Balakishi. "What will you tell him?"

"I shall tell him: look at my wife!" the old man said sternly. "Amina is the best and most beautiful woman in the world!"





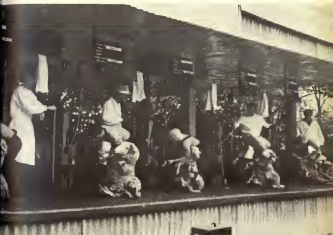
*Ekzylbek Kaambayev, a veteran shepherd, is all concentration as he watches the sheep he has reared being so summarily dealt with.*

## SHEARING FOR THRILLS

by Boris Sopelnyak

*from the magazine Ogonyok*

I thought soccer was No. 1 spectator sport and ice-hockey came next—until I attended the First Nationwide Rally of Young Shepherds at Frunze, Kirghizia. Sheep shearing is not strictly a sport, but as you watch tall, spare lads, built like long-distance runners, clipping away against time and trying to outpace one another, you start cheering,





*Above and right: The chief umpire, an experienced vet.*

whistling, urging...

At the gong, the shearer rushes into the pen, grabs a ram by the neck, drags him into the open, kicks the animal's legs from under him and lands him on his rump. An average ram weighs 130 lb or so. Sitting him on his rump is not so tough—holding him still for shearing requires real skill. Some rams sit quietly; others kick and try to escape.

Contestants in the sheep-shearing competition have to fleece 15 rams each, as speedily and cleanly as



*Left: Ismail Balraev, 1967 champion, with his latest "victim".*



possible. The fleece should be thoroughly and evenly clipped off, without blood-letting.

Sixty-eight began the shearing contest. Three men and three women were left in the final round. Two Kirghizian shearers led—Bairamov and Gideon. They finished their fourteenth ram on the same tick, and rushed for their fifteenth.

In seconds both rams were thrown on their rumps; both shearers were

set to start. Gideon's ram jerked to free himself. His fifth and eighth rams had jerked, too, but he controlled them well. This time he bent the animal's head too roughly; the pain caused the ram to jump up like a released spring. Gideon hung on to him, losing precious seconds, for Bairamov's shears were clicking. . . .

Top honours went to shearer Ismail Bairamov. He fleeced 15 rams in 34 minutes 25 seconds.

*Ismail Bairamov, the absolute champion.*



*They might almost be watching Dynamo or Celtic.*

*The team championship was won by women—Zina Eremonko and Raya Dobot.*



An old woman living in a small town had died, and her husband, a seventy-year-old pensioner, was at the telegraph office sending out to six different addresses in various republics six identical telegrams: "Mother passed away come home father."

The elderly clerk took her time counting the money, getting confused over the change, her hands shaking as she wrote out the receipts. Then she stamped them. The old man gazed meekly at her through the wooden hatch, vague thoughts flitting through his head as he tried to distract himself from his sorrow. He felt that she, too, had a sad and troubled heart—perhaps she was a widow or by some evil fate a wife deserted by her husband.

And here she was, slow at her work, mixing up the money, her attention wandering. Even for such a simple job, thought the old man, one needed happiness within oneself.

Back home again he sat down on the stool by the table on which his dead wife lay. He sat by her cold feet, smoked, murmured sorrowfully to himself and watched the solitary grey bird hopping from perch to perch in its cage. Every now and then he would weep quietly, then pull himself together. He wound his pocket watch and looked through the window at the fitful weather. One minute the leaves were falling with flakes of wet, languid snow; then it started raining, and suddenly the late sun, cheerless as a star, broke through the clouds. The old man was awaiting his sons.

# THE THIRD SON

A Short Story by Andrei Platonov

*from the book  
In the Beautiful  
and Violent World*

The eldest son flew in the next day. The other five assembled during the next two days. One of them, the third son, brought his daughter, a six-year-old girl who had never seen her grandfather.

The dead mother had been lying in the room for four days, but about her body hung no odour of death, so wasted it was by illness and plain exhaustion. To her six sons she had given abundant life, keeping for herself nothing but a meagre, frail body—trying to preserve it, however pitiful it might be, so that she might love and take pride in her children to her last breath.

The six large men, ranging from twenty to forty years of age, stood silently round the coffin. The seventh

was their father, smaller and weaker than his youngest son. In his arms was his granddaughter, her eyes screwed up in fear of this strange, dead grandmother whose eyes seemed to stare at her, white and unwinking, from beneath half-closed eyelids.

The sons wept soundlessly, their faces distorted by the effort to restrain their tears and endure their grief in silence. Their father had ceased to weep, having cried himself out in solitude. Now he eyed those six strapping fellows with secret excitement and incongruous joy. Two of them were seamen, both captains; one was a singer who lived in Moscow; the third son—the one with the daughter—was a physicist and a member of the Communist Party; the youngest was studying to be an agronomist; the eldest son was a shop chief in an aircraft works and wore an order on his chest for outstanding work.

All six, with their father, stood round the dead woman and mourned her silently. The sons tried not to show their desperate grief, not to show that they were remembering their childhood and the love so freely given by their mother—a love they had instinctively felt thousands of miles away, a love that had lent them strength and encouragement in their life's endeavours. And now she was a corpse, bereft of the power to love them, a stranger, an old woman indifferent to all their concerns.

The sons felt suddenly lonely and frightened, as though somewhere in a dark wilderness a light had once

stood on the windowsill of an old house, had lit up the night with its flying insects, blue grass, and swarms of midges—the whole world of childhood associated with that old house deserted by those who had been born in it, a house where there were no locked doors so that those who had left it could always return . . . but none came back. Now it was just as though that light had gone out, reality had slipped irrevocably into the realm of memory.

As she lay dying the old woman had enjoined her husband to get a priest to read the burial service over her body while it was still in the house. Then she could go to her grave without the priest, so that her sons would not be embarrassed and could follow her coffin. She was not really a staunch believer, but she felt her husband, whom she had loved all her life, would feel his loss more poignantly if prayers were chanted and yellow candle light illumined her face. She did not want to depart this life without ceremony, without leaving a suitable last memory.

After his sons arrived the old man searched high and low for a priest, and at last found one towards evening. He was an old man like himself, dressed in ordinary clothes, with the pink cheeks of one who sticks to a vegetarian diet and lively eyes filled with some petty and purposeful thoughts. He had a military officer's bag hanging from his shoulder containing his priestly paraphernalia—incense, thin candles, a book, and a small censor on a chain. Setting up

the candles around the coffin quickly he lit them, blew on the incense in the censer, and suddenly, without warning, began to mumble, reading from the book.

The sons rose to their feet, feeling uncomfortable. They stood by the coffin motionless, their eyes lowered. The old priest read in hurried, almost ironic tones, his small, understanding eyes on the dead woman's sons. He partly feared, partly respected them, and evidently would not have minded getting into conversation with them and even expressing enthusiasm for socialism. But the younger men were silent. Not one of them, even the old father, crossed himself. The family had mounted a guard of honour for the dead; they were not attending divine service.

When the rites were over the priest collected his things, extinguished the candles, and put everything back into his bag. The old father placed some money in his hand, and the priest lost no time in passing through the ranks of the six unseeing men and timidly slipping out of the house. To tell the truth, he would have liked to stay for the funeral meal, to talk about the prospects of wars and revolutions, to be able to savour the thought that he had met representatives of the new world he secretly admired but somehow could not enter. He cherished dreams of performing some heroic deed all by himself so that he could break through into the splendid future, into the world of the new generations. He had in fact once applied to the local airfield asking to be taken to the highest altitude

from which he could make a parachute jump without an oxygen mask. He had received no answer.

That evening the father made up six beds in the living room, and put his granddaughter to sleep in his own bed, next to himself, in the place where his wife had slept for forty years. The bed was in the large room where the coffin was. The father stood by the connecting door until his sons had undressed and gone to bed. Then he closed the door quietly, put out the lights, and went into the other room. The child was already asleep, alone on the big bed, her head hidden beneath the blanket.

The old man stood over her for a while in the gloom which was relieved by the reflection of the sky's diffused light from the snow on the ground outside. He went to the open coffin, kissed the hands, forehead, and the lips of his wife and said, "Rest now". Then he lay down, taking care not to wake his granddaughter, and closed his eyes in an attempt to forget the heaviness that weighed on his heart. He dozed a little and suddenly woke up. Beneath the door to the next room there was a chink of light, and he could hear his sons laughing and talking noisily.

The little girl began to twist and turn, perhaps awakened by the noise; or possibly she had not been asleep at all, but had simply been too scared of the darkness and the body lying nearby to peep out from under the bedclothes.

The eldest son was speaking with great enthusiasm and conviction about hollow metal propellers. The

two seamen described their adventures in foreign ports and then laughed about their blankets, which were the ones they had had as children. White strips of cloth were sewn to the two ends of the blanket, and on the strips were embroidered the words "head" and "feet", so that they would know which end was which.

One of the seamen started wrestling with the singer and the two rolled on the floor as they had in their childhood days, with the youngest son urging them on and offering to take them both on with his left arm only. There was obviously great affection between the brothers, who were happy to be together again. It was years since they had seen one another, and they might not meet again until their father's funeral. In their antics the two wrestlers knocked over a chair and were silent for a moment. Then evidently deciding that their mother could no longer hear them, they started again.

The eldest son pressed the singer for a quiet song, insisting that he must know some new ones from Moscow. The artist said he couldn't just start singing out of the blue. "Well, cover me with something then," he said.

They put something over his face, and he began to sing like that, for he was embarrassed before his own brothers. As he did so the youngest son got up to some mischief, with the result that another brother fell from his bed on to a third brother, who was lying on the floor. Everybody laughed and urged the youngest to lift his fallen kinsman and put him back to

bed—but using his left arm only. The youngest one whispered something and again they all laughed.

In the next room the girl pushed her head out from under the blanket and called in the dark: "Grandfather, are you asleep?"

"No, I'm not asleep. I'm all right." The old man coughed quietly. The girl began to cry.

"Why are you crying?" the old man whispered, stroking her wet face.

"I am sorry for grandmother," she said. "Everybody is alive and laughing, and only she is dead."

The old man said nothing, but sniffed and coughed in turn. Frightened, the girl sat up and looked at her grandfather. "And why are you crying? I've stopped."

The old man stroked her head and said softly, "Well . . . I'm not crying, I'm sweating."

"Are you thinking of grandmother?" she asked. "Don't cry. You're old and you'll die soon, and then you won't cry any more."

"I won't cry," the old man answered softly.

There was a sudden hush in the other room. One of the sons had just finished saying something. The old man recognized the voice as that of the third son, the physicist, and the father of the girl. Until then there hadn't been a sound from him—he had not spoken or laughed.

Soon the door opened. The third son, dressed, entered the room and went to the coffin. He bent over the dimly visible face of his mother, who no longer had any feeling for anyone.

It was late at night, and no one



passed by in the street outside. The five brothers in the other room did not stir. The old man and the girl scarcely breathed as they watched the man who was the son of one and father of the other.

The third son suddenly straightened up, stretched out his arm in the dark and seized the edge of the coffin. But he lost his balance and shifted the coffin a little on the table. Then he fell, his head hitting the wooden floor boards. He made no sound, and his daughter uttered a cry.

The five brothers rushed in, carried their brother to their room and brought him round. By the time he had recovered, the rest were already dressed, though it was only a little after one. The sons went separately about the house and yard, the home of their childhood, and wept, whispering words of sorrow and complaint, as if their mother were standing nearby, listening to them and saying that she was sorry she had died, causing her dear ones to mourn and suffer. She would live forever if she could, so that she might bring no sorrow to the hearts of those to whom she had given birth. But they must understand that their mother could sustain herself no longer.

In the morning the six sons lifted the coffin on to their shoulders and carried it to the cemetery. The old man walked behind them, holding his granddaughter in his arms. He felt reconciled to the death of his wife, and was happy and proud to think that some day he, too, would be buried by these six strong men.



The works of Andrei Platonov (1896-1947) are becoming increasingly popular among contemporary readers. He writes about working people, people seeking truth, gifted artisans and peasants.

Keen insight, accuracy of description, ability to grasp the essence of characters and situations, and a fresh style well suited to the author's purpose—these are the main features of Platonov's writings.

Here is what Maria Platonov, the widow of the author, has written about his life (in the magazine *Smena*):

"Platonov grew up on the outskirts of the town of Voronezh in Central Russia. He loved the countryside. At twelve he began writing

## STORY FROM THE HONOURS LIST

by Lev Borovoy

from the book *The Language of the Writer*

In the United States, a number of collections of best short stories of the year are published. Of these the most widely known is *Best Short Stories* edited by Edward J. O'Brien (and after his death by Martha Foley).

In the 1937 collection O'Brien included a story called *The Third Son* by a Soviet writer, Andrei Platonov. Later when O'Brien drew up another Honours List, he again included Platonov's story.

poems. When he was a little older he became fascinated by locomotives and machines, the whistles of trains, and hard physical work.

"When he was still a boy Platonov understood that between the burdocks, the fields, the electric lights, and the trains there was a connection, a certain link. And his own dream was to become a man whose work would reach out to the world and move the minds of people, creating a link between himself and the world.

"Platonov's dream was realized slowly and gradually.

"At fourteen he began working at a military plant, studying in his spare time. And he continued to write poems. During the Civil War twenty-year-old Platonov worked as fireman on an armoured train driven by his father. Later he fought in the railway contingent of the army which took Voronezh Province from the White Guards. In 1919 he was working for the newspaper *Izvestia Yuzhnoy Fronta*, which published his poems and articles. After the Civil War

Platonov entered a polytechnical institute.

"After finishing the institute Platonov worked as an engineer specializing in land reclamation. For many years, until he became a fully fledged writer, Platonov did much work on the drainage of swampy areas and directed the building of three power stations.

"To the very end of his life Platonov was full of ideas for inventions. He had several patents to his name; he designed a powerful floating excavator, which was built by a Leningrad plant. In 1927 he was transferred to Moscow, soon after which he decided to become a writer first and foremost, and devoted himself heart and soul to what had been dear to his heart since childhood.

"And thus Platonov's persistent dream was realized: 'To become a man whose mind and hands would create works that would stir the whole world, in the interests of all people and of myself. And I know every one of the people; my heart is linked to every one of them'."



## THOSE WOMEN . . .

Since time immemorial, women have been deemed mysterious, enigmatic creatures—which, come to think of it, is quite contrary to a materialist outlook on the world, and to progress in general.

Yet the mystery must by the very nature of things be solvable, so why not get elucidation from some of the best brains the world has known?

The Editors have therefore carefully sifted the conclusions of sages of all varieties for your benefit, and here present the most significant of them.

\* \* \*

Women are the first educators of the human race.

*Theodor von Hüffel*

In certain cases one woman is far more perspicacious than a hundred men.

*Gotthold Lessing*



*Different times  
and places,  
different ideas of  
beauty. Maidens  
from ancient  
Rome, and a lass  
from Soviet  
Georgia today.*



A man does not love a woman for what she says; he only likes what she says because he loves her.

*André Maurois*

It is by work that women have largely bridged the distance that separated them from men; it is only work that can guarantee them real freedom.

*Simone de Beauvoir*

Whether a woman says yes or no, she is always happy to have been asked.

*Ovid*

A woman's character, without exception, rests on two poles—love and revenge.

*Lope de Vega*

. . . Not only can a woman understand self-sacrifice, she is capable of sacrificing herself.

*Ivan Turgenev*

One woman is stronger than a thousand men.

*Joost Van den Vondel*

Man is weak, woman strong. . . .

*Ivan Turgenev*

To be a woman and to be silent—these are incompatibles.

*Tirso de Molina*

Tongue; well, that's a very good thing when it an't a woman's.

*Charles Dickens*

I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men.

*George Eliot*

She wavers, she hesitates; in short, she is a woman.

*Jean Racine*

Women know everything, even details of the nuptials of the gods.

*Theocritus*



*India, the fifth century A.D. Between us and the people of that time is an abyss of fifteen centuries, a gulf one would think impassable, which would prevent our understanding the concept of beauty held by people of that time. Yet it is not so. The woman on the left depicted by the Indian artist (on an Ajanta mural) is 1,500 years old—but she remains our contemporary. And this figure above from pre-Columbus Mexico is also alive today—it stands face to face with life, and in it we see assurance and tranquility.*

*In the rye. . . She is not yet twenty. She is as slim and supple as these stalks of rye that emulate the colour of her hair. On the lips of this Russian girl is the smile of Mona Lisa, and she is not unlike the young Egyptian maiden portrayed for posterity twelve centuries before our era.*



When someone sings the praises of a pretty woman to me and tells me of his love for her, I see a fanatic extolling a viper, whose charms he recounts and by whom he considers he has had the good fortune to be bitten.

*Pierre de Marbaux*

Frailty, thy name is woman!

*William Shakespeare*

Brigands demand your money or your life; women require both.

*Samuel Butler*

A woman never sees what you do for her; she sees only what you do not do.

*Georges Courteline*

Woman is always fickle and changing.

*Virgil*

A woman will always be a danger to any paradise.

*Paul Claudel*

. . . It is a woman's job to stay at home and preserve silence.

*Plutarch*

Love, tenderness, sweetness, these are the main ingredients used by God to make the soul of a woman; to love, to heal, and to give consolation, this is her destiny on earth.

*Henri Conscience*

●  
So everything's clear now.  
●





Despite those who think that social and economic equality has put an end to femininity, women will always remain a woman.

*The weaker sex. . .*

*God drove Adam from the Garden of Eden because of a woman.*

*If that had not happened, no one would now remember Adam's name. For there would be no one to remember; there would be no mankind.*

*Without Laura and Beatrice there would be no "Divine Comedy", no Sonnets.*

*Joan of Arc saved France.*

*Marie Curie-Sklodowska discovered radioactive radiation.*

*The weaker sex?*

*Portrait of a mother*



*A nation does not get rid of its prejudices overnight. Or even over a century. Fifty years ago Revolution in Russia put an end to feminine inequality. Women received equality de jure and de facto, and its most vital component was equal pay for equal work.*

*This was naturally a blow to the surviving elements of the old world outlook.*

*There are very few people in the Soviet Union today who would say that women do not deserve legal, material and cultural equality with men. True, prejudices still live on, but the process began half a century ago is irreversible.*

*Letter from the Front*





*The Lesson*



*Everything in her—the  
turn of the head, the  
warm gaze and the very  
gestures—speak for the  
inimitable feminine  
charm.*





*Feminine appeal  
defies age.*





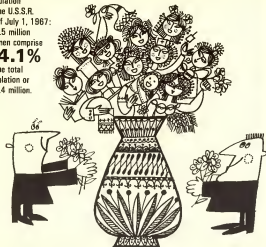


A book could be written about these three photographs. But we shall simply give their titles: "The Girl"; "We + she = I"; "The Circle of Time". We leave the interpretation to you.



## VITAL STATISTICS ON SOVIET UNION WOMEN

Population  
of the U.S.S.R.  
as of July 1, 1967:  
235.5 million  
Women comprise  
**54.1%**  
of the total  
population or  
127.4 million.



Deputies  
to the Supreme Soviet  
of the USSR  
(1966 elections)

		Women
Total	1,517	425 = 28.0%
Soviet of the Union	767	222 = 28.9%
Soviet of Nationalities	750	203 = 27.1%

## Average number of women wage and salary earners

Year	Number (in thousands)	% of population
1928	2,795	24
1950	19,180	47
1966	39,500	50

## Percentage of women in various sectors of the economy

Sector	1928	1940	1945	1960	1966
Overall	24	39	56	47	50
Health	63	76	85	85	85
Education	55	59	76	70	72
Science and ancillary services	40	42	53	42	45

## Total number of women specialists with higher and specialized secondary education

Year	Total (in thousands)	Higher education	Secondary
1928	151 = 29%	65 = 28%	86 = 30%
1941	864 = 36%	312 = 34%	552 = 37%
1960	5,189 = 59%	1,865 = 53%	3,324 = 63%
1966	7,540 = 58%	2,717 = 52%	4,823 = 63%

Like all medical treatment in the USSR, obstetric services are free. All working women receive four months' paid maternity leave (112 days) and in the event of twins or more children being born, or of complicated births, this leave is prolonged. Before the revolution, 95% of women received no medical care at childbirth nor were paid maternity leave.

In 1966, 3,541,000 mothers received a monthly government allowance for the fourth or subsequent children, and 524,000 mothers of two children received a government grant on the birth of a third child.

## People Are Funny . . .

The husband, reading the paper at breakfast as usual, takes his first sip of coffee and says angrily:

"Oh, hell, you know I don't take sugar in my coffee!"

"Yes, darling, I do. But I simply had to hear your voice."

\* \* \*

Father is washing up in the kitchen. In comes his son, who asks: "Dad, what's a bigamist?"

"A man who washes twice as many dishes as I do."

\* \* \*

"You're terrible," complained the wife of a football fan. "You know the dates of all the games that are going to be played this season, you know the names of all the football players. But I can bet you don't remember the day we were married."

"Oh, yes I do. It was the day Spartak beat Dynamo three nil."

\* \* \*

"My wife keeps nagging me for money. Last week she wanted 200 roubles, yesterday 130 and this morning 150."

"What does she do with it?"

"How should I know? I never give her any."

\* \* \*

*Judge:* Defendant, why do you persist in denying that you were at the scene of the crime: 20 witnesses have confirmed that they saw you there.

*Defendant:* Well, I can summon hundreds of witnesses who didn't see me there.

\* \* \*

"You know, megalomania and an inferiority complex can actually go together."

"How's that?"

"Take a man who's sure he's got the greatest inferiority complex in the world."



# GENIUS



ITS  
SOURCES,  
DESTINIES,  
PROBLEMS



Child prodigies  
have always attracted  
wide public  
attention.  
But were all great men  
young prodigies?  
What produces  
exceptional talent—  
heredity, or environment  
and upbringing?

## Theoretician at 15

a report from Riga published in *KOMSOMOLSKAYA PRAVDA*

When a shortish 15-year-old school-boy mounted the rostrum a hush fell over the hall and delegates leaned forward to catch every word.

The time: May 1967. The place: Riga, the Latvian Soviet Socialist Republic. The event: the Eighth National Colloquium on General Algebra. The participants: mathematicians from the Soviet Union, Germany, Hungary, Poland, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Belgium, Britain and Australia.

The boy whose exceptional mathematical abilities had earned him the right to meet mature specialists in his field on equal terms was Grigori (Grisha) Chudnovsky, of Kiev. At Riga, he presented a paper which reported the interesting results he had obtained by using the method of

ultraproducts. His area of research is the theory of models—a science that takes in algebra and logic.

Professor B. Plotkin, chairman of the colloquium organizing committee, called young Grisha "an exceptional phenomenon in mathematics" whose research could well earn him a Master's degree. His report has been submitted for publication in the *Proceedings of the USSR Academy of Sciences*.

Grisha, now in the ninth form, became interested in the theory of models about three years ago. Credit for kindling the flame goes to his elder brother, now a student at Kiev University.

Grisha has read and digested all the latest Soviet and foreign publications in his chosen field.

## Heredity—the Prime Factor

by Fyodor DAVYDOV

from the magazine *NAUKA I RELIGIYA* (*Science and Religion*)

A textbook of general biology—written by a group of scientists in Novosibirsk under Dr. Dmitri Belyaev, an outstanding Soviet geneticist—which appeared in Moscow in 1966, stresses the key importance of heredity, and gives examples.

The famous Russian composer Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov, who wrote

*The Snow Maiden*, *Czar Saltan*, *Sadko* and many other operas, had two sons. One, Nikolai, became a biologist. The other, Andrei, had a passion for music and received an excellent musical education. However, he never became a composer. A talent for music is the result of a favourable combination of many

genes. Genes recombine to form hereditary traits. In families with few children the genes may not form the desired combinations.

In other families similar genetic patterns produced similar gifts in close relatives. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) came from a family in which a gift for music was banded down from generation to

generation. He had three famous sons: Wilhelm (The Bach of Halle), Karl (The Bach of Berlin), and Johann (The Bach of Milan). There were two Johann Strausses, father and son, and two Rubinsteins, brothers Anton and Nikolai. The list is far from complete but one thing seems evident: without inborn talent no amount of effort will make a man a genius.

## Upbringing Plays a Tremendous Role

by Natan LEITES, educationist

from the magazine *NAUKA I RELIGIYA*

Norbert Wiener, world-famous American mathematician and father of cybernetics, entitled his autobiography *Ex-Prodigy*. Scientist, writer, philosopher and polyglot, he astonished all who met him with his erudition, fresh ideas and intellectual productivity.

But signs of talent at an early age are not necessarily a guarantee of success in maturity. More often than not it is difficult to discern a child's real aptitudes and still more difficult to predict his future. An exceptional memory, quickness of reaction and a fine ear for music in childhood do not assure brilliant intellectual accomplishments in later years. Success at an early age may prove short-lived. On the other hand, in many instances creative abilities are revealed in one's middle years, or even in advancing age. The noted Russian writer Sergei Aksakov wrote his first book at 56.

Sir Walter Scott finished his first historical novel at 43.

Tchaikovsky's genius blossomed comparatively late, between 20 and 25. The Soviet composer Aram Khachaturyan entered a music school at 19. Nikolai Luzin, an eminent Soviet mathematician, was poor at mathematics in school and needed special coaching. Children's individual development follows a diversity of patterns, so judgments about man's potentialities based on childhood accomplishments are likely to be erroneous.

Psychologists have collected a wealth of data on the nerve mechanisms behind differences in aptitude. Whereas the properties of the nervous system as a whole determine a person's temperament, the properties of the auditory, visual, motor and other areas of the cerebral cortex tell on the development of special abilities.

The inborn traits are just one factor in the involved process of the formation of mental qualities. Talents cannot develop without the assimilation of the social experience of previous generations.

The human brain has a special nervous mechanism which enables man to master speech. But what language a child will speak depends on the environment rather than on particular properties of the brain.

External factors play a tremendous role at an early age, when the brain is still undeveloped. These factors are important in bringing to expression all talents, including talents for music and drawing, which often seem to develop spontaneously.

In reality the stimulant of what is referred to as "an ear for music" is music itself, while the ability to draw begins with imitation.

In childhood the external impetus frequently comes from games and for that reason remains unnoticed. I find it difficult to agree with the view that great abilities are just hereditary. True, in some families the same talent is revealed in several successive generations. Reference to the family which gave the world Johann Sebastian Bach is most eloquent—it had at least 24 musicians in five generations.

But even such cases—they are few and far between—fail to prove that abilities are hereditary. Nobody knows what was most important—the hereditary factors or the children's early environment, the influence of parents, training and so on. Quite often talented parents have very mediocre children, and vice versa.

Every normal child carries within himself a full range of human potentialities. Kornel Chukovsky gives very interesting examples in his book *From Two to Five*. Children from two to five quickly grasp the language and reveal creative abilities for word-building. As the child grows up he exhibits other qualities, such as inquisitiveness and rich imagination to which he gives vent in his games, and a ceaseless urge for action.

The child has tremendous mental potentialities. The question of differences in ability cannot be reduced to stating that some children are more capable than others.

The point is that some children show greater ability in one area of activity, while others are better off in another area. The individual character of the child's abilities determines his prospective value to society.

Among the different fields of application of human talents, music has been studied most exhaustively. It has been established, for instance, what elements of auditory perception make a good ear for music. Soviet researchers are carrying out experiments to develop musical ability in ordinary children who have not been specially selected.

Of course, we still know far too little about the natural prerequisites for diverse human aptitudes. One thing is clear: even the most outstanding abilities are not bestowed from on high. They develop and become richer in the process of human endeavour. The richer and fuller the child's life, the broader and brighter will his talents develop.



## MADAME BUTTERFLY FROM KISHINEV

*To participate in a competition to select the best Madame Butterfly, 39 young singers from 22 countries gathered in Tokyo in March, 1967.*

*Two Soviet girls captured the top prizes. First place went to Maria Bieshu of Kishinev, and second to Lamara Chkonja of Kiev.*

*Maria Bieshu recently gave this interview to a reporter from the Sovietskaya Moldavia:—*

En route to Japan I was nervous, eager, excited—it is hard to find the exact word to describe my feelings. And when I arrived in Tokyo and was surrounded by famous singers from many lands, my anxieties increased.

For here was I, a young Moldavian singer, competing in the International Madame Butterfly Competition with such formidable opponents as Clara Marisi, the favourite Madame Butterfly of Latin America, Elizabeth Vaughan of Britain, Héliene Garretti

of France . . . the names kept whirling through my head . . . Signorina Carnio of Italy, Miss Niska of the United States, Miss Molnar of Yugoslavia, Miss Sasaki of Japan. . .

The Japanese government, I recalled, had presented Clara Marisi of Brazil with a copy of a costume of Miura Tamaki, the world-renowned Japanese singer and actress, in whose memory it stages this international contest.

And over in a corner I saw the Italian singer Benetti, winner of the



*Left: Maria Bieshu is a famous singer, but to her parents, Moldavian farmers, she is still the little girl who has to be scolded once in a while for letting the chickens out.*

*Right: Maria shows her friend the wonderful Madame Butterfly kimono presented to her in Japan.*





*Maria Bieshu sings at the Kishinev Opera House.*



*Maria studies her role with the help of her husband, a conductor at the Opera House (top).*

*Giving one of her numerous press interviews—by her side is the award she received in Japan.*



contest in 1955, talking to one of the young competitors.

Surrounded by all these stars, it is no wonder that I felt nervous. And it did not help to know that I must sing in Italian. I'll do well, I thought, if I survive the first round of competition.

On March 17, after a ceremonial

inauguration, the contest got under way. I was sixth on the list and sang two arias: "One Fine Day" and "You Are My Hope". I was in such a state that I could not judge if I had sung well or poorly. "Good! Remarkable!" whispered Lamara Chkonia, who happened to be standing beside me.

I shall not try to describe my feel-



ings during the next three hectic days. I got through the first and second stages, and both Lamara and I were among the eight singers competing in the third round.

On that evening of March 20 the Toranomon Hall was jammed. I was the first singer to appear on stage, wearing a kimono, the costume of Miura Tamaki, for the duet with Pinkerton....

Then the competitors were down to four—Lamara and I, Hôlne Garretti and Elizabeth Vaughan. The finals were held in a packed concert hall and we sang with an orchestra. When I finished my number there was a burst of applause. That was unusual and stirring, for no applause had been allowed during the competition.

The jury retired, then returned to announce the winner. When my name was read out I cried with happiness. Lamara was second, third prize went to the British singer, and fourth to the French.

March 22, 1967, is a date I shall long remember. The National Theatre was filled to capacity. The winners were invited onto the stage. Our eyes were dazzled by the lights—TV cameras were at work. The whole of Japan could see us. And then, in a formal ceremony, the chairman of the competition organizing committee, Mr. Kadowaki, a former Japanese

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*Maria Bieshu in the part that has brought her world fame...*



*In the role of Aida, which may prove to be an even greater landmark in her career.*

---

Ambassador to the Soviet Union, announced: "The winner of first prize in the International Madame Butterfly Competition is Miss Maria Bieshu of the USSR."

Later there was another event I shall never forget. On the crest of a hill in Nagasaki stands a small house in which, legend has it, lived Madame Butterfly. In the courtyard is a statue of a woman and child, the woman gazing out to sea.

Around that monument to Miura Tamaki, who died in 1946, were singers and a host of music lovers gathered on a cool March day. And I was deeply moved when, as the contest winner, I was asked to sing.



# NOTES ON POETRY

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by Vadim Shefner

*from Literaturnaya Gazeta*

*Vadim Shefner is a 52-year-old Leningrader who has had seven volumes of verse published. Also two novels and numerous short stories.*

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## I

Once when I was on the platform at a literary evening someone sent me up a note: "What do you think poetry will be like in twenty years?" In reply I mumbled something about not being prepared for such a question. Later I realized that if I really knew what poetry would be like in twenty years' time I should already be writing that kind of poetry. Between ourselves and the future there is a wall. Sometimes we deceive ourselves that it is transparent, but this is not so. It is, in fact, a mirror reflecting the past. The past is the only basis we have for our guesswork about the future. And guesswork it is.

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## II

Some people prophesy that technology will oust poetry, and will itself become the poetry of the future. I do not believe it. Technology produces the functional. When we alight from a plane and turn our backs on it, it ceases to exist for us. Technical devices are like artificial limbs. With the aid of the radio we can hear words spoken thousands of kilometres away, thanks to television we can see across vast distances, thanks to computers we can carry out lightning calculations. But we are the ones who are talking on the radio, performing on TV. In cybernetics it is people who are struggling with

their own complex affairs.

We are told that electronic machines can already be taught to compose verses at the level of the average hack, and that in future the standard will be raised. There will, of course, be a public for such verse. Yet I do not think that genuine poetry need fear any competition. Even the most highly developed machine cannot create anything new, for it can only speak in the words of others. Poetry begins with wonder, and only a living human being is capable of that.

A doctor once remarked to me that anatomy is no longer a science but a sum total of knowledge (referring, of course, to normal, and not to pathological anatomy). Science has discovered everything about the structure of the human body, has studied all man's internal organs, bones and tendons, and has compiled a precise atlas of them. So now anatomy has ceased to be a science.

Perhaps I am mistaken, but it seems to me that when geography has removed the last blank spot from the map and measured the ocean deeps to the last centimetre, it, too, will no longer be a science but a sum of knowledge. But poetry will never be a sum total of knowledge, or a means of applying knowledge. It will exist and develop as long as man exists, as long as he is capable of wonder, joy and sorrow.

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## III

With all that, however, it must not be forgotten that we live in a technical age, and that technology has an effect on our lives, and thus on poetry.

In consequence of the fantastic development of the press and communications, for example, many images and concepts fade with extreme speed. There is no depth of information; poetry read over the radio in Leningrad is heard simultaneously in the cities of the Ukraine and the townships of the Siberian taiga. Information does not spread gradually, from one starting point. It rises to the surface everywhere at once, and is then wiped out by a new wave. The accessibility and universality of the printed and spoken word, and also its abundance, leads to its rapid consignment to oblivion.

In our hurried age, crammed with events and emotion, what kind of poetry can stand the test and make a lasting impression? I imagine the kind in which the poet considers the essence of things and phenomena, and does not simply describe them. Not those in which the poet serves up the world in a gay, modern package of crisp Cellophane, but the kind in which he carefully takes the wrappings off fundamentals, even at the risk of revealing truisms.

Poetry is being coaxed along this path gently but firmly by its readers, who expect to find in it something I do not think they can get from prose so far. It seems to me that with the rapid tempo of life today, prose, despite its justified claims to merit,

does not manage to "digest" things, to produce works that are really universal. Because of its mobility, poetry succeeds in giving the reader some kind of generalizing formula, a compass in a sea of events.

Probably this superiority of poetry over prose is temporary, and cannot be regarded as a law. But over the past five or six years one has been able to get a better idea of contemporary man from poetry than from prose.

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#### IV

Critics who attempt to penetrate to the heart of the matter have been talking and writing a great deal about the poetry of thought, or intellectual and philosophical poetry. Their ideas do not come from out of the blue. Increasing numbers of poets are writing verse that does not simply describe life but tries to interpret it for the reader.

This is not all gain for poetry. There is a certain loss, too. There are fewer poems about love today. Or perhaps it is truer to say that while much is written about love, it is subsidiary to the main theme of the poetry.

How can thoughts (which to us seem profound) be combined with depth of feeling? How is the poet to convey to the reader not only the thought but the feel of the thought? From whom can one learn to do this—and in general is such a thing possible?

It is obviously inadequate to base a poem on ideas, even the most

clever and newest ideas, and then to throw in a few rhymes. At its very source the ideas must be combined with personal reflection and emotion.

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#### V

On occasion we are over-serious, and philosophize in cases where we could get by with humour. Of course it is good for a poet to be conscious of his responsibility to his readers and the contemporary world. But in the past neither great nor minor poets had qualms about writing poems in people's albums, and did not worry if they wrote bad verse now and again. They were not all professionals, but all of them lived, ate and drank poetry.

Sometimes we are too professional. I think a poet should be 99 per cent the master of his craft and 1 per cent the bungling amateur. If he is a 100 per cent professional he ceases to be a poet.

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#### VI

Sometimes we should not think only about who may be our guest tomorrow, but should give a thought to those who may have to stand by our graves. They may be quite different people.

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#### VII

When one considers the matter it is clear that books are a greater miracle than television. They contain ideas in cipher—in printed characters, and the reader himself

decodes them. He is his own television set, but his images are a thousand times richer than those on the TV screens, for they are coloured by his personal attitude to what he reads. A goose may watch TV, but only a human being can read a book.

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#### VIII

So-called traditional poetry is not a fixed category. It is a general concept rather than a precise term. There are many poets working in the "traditional manner", and they are all different, all write differently, make different mistakes and have differing degrees of success. There is now such a vast store of Russian poetry that from this building material one could build verbal hovels, palaces, profitable apartment houses, military pill-boxes and ultramodern blocks.

Where is the border-line between traditional and innovation? Is it a hard and fast one? It seems to be constantly shifting. As soon as a talented young poet with something new to say appears on the scene he is drawn into the process.

The best of the really new features of his work are absorbed into the very veins of poetry and thus become part of tradition. Genuine, worthwhile innovation is itself the seed of tradition.

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#### IX

At times I feel that new ideas (or ideas that seem to us to be new) are better expressed in traditional verse forms. Then less energy is expended

on trying to digest the substance. But if all poets felt like that, what would happen to poetry? It would stand still. That is the contradiction.

---

#### X

As the years go by we not only gain all kinds of things, we lose something on the way, too, but without noticing it ourselves. We lose our freshness of perception, and in poetry this is more important than experience. If great poets go on writing great poetry for years, that is not because of their experience but because of an eternally youthful spirit.

A townsman may know his town inside out, yet the impressions of a country boy visiting it for the first time may be fuller and more penetrating. The poet must be such a youth, lost in wonderment at all he sees.

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#### XI

Poetry is neither your aid nor your salvation. But it can impel you to the rescue of another.

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#### XII

Poets come and go, but their poems remain among the living and are weighed on the scales of life. It is not death that dooms a poet to oblivion but life, its onward surge, changing generations and tastes. Into its stream life sweeps those whose poems satisfy the needs of their fellow human beings.

## DOUBLE-DECKER RIVERS

Abdulkhai Burakayev, a Bashkirian hunter, was crossing the steppe River Shaitan-Yelga on horseback and the sure-footed animal was stepping lightly across the shale in ankle-deep water. Suddenly, the bottom gave way and the hunter shot into a whirlpool, barely managing to scramble out. One more bottomless hole had made its appearance in the "devil's river" (the meaning of its Bashkir name).

These holes connect twin beds of the river, one running on the surface, the other below, in a bed of gypsum, the underground



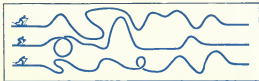
stream being much bigger. The double-decker river is teeming with fish.

Scientists say that other big rivers in Bashkiria—like the Belaya and the Ufa—are also double-deckers. The subterranean streams run at depths ranging from 21 to 135 feet through corridors

several yards high.

Bashkiria also has some entirely subterranean rivers and their course is marked on the surface by a chain of craters. In spring, when the lower bed cannot contain all the water, the rivers emerge to the surface.

*From the newspaper Trud*



Which skier was the fastest if the three of them started out together and crossed the finish line at the same time?

## PRIDE FEELS NO PAIN

*from the newspaper MOSKOVSKY KOMSOMOLET*



A Roman nose suggests senatorial dignity and lends its owner distinction. But not all Roman children had the good fortune to be born with that kind of nose. The Roman nose, we are told, had to be cultivated, by varying methods. Massage helped considerably, and Roman parents did not hesitate to fasten on to their children's noses a device resembling a clothes-peg.

Deformation of parts of the body has been widespread at different periods. It was mostly due to the accepted standard of beauty and rarely to necessity. Teeth are among the most convenient objects of

deformation. Among some African tribes, teeth were ornamented—chipped into diamond shapes, and encrusted with precious stones, shells and bits of metal. Teeth became portable treasure-houses.

However, it was the human head that took the worst beating. A head could be shaped to almost any form, without benefit of surgeon. When the child was small his head was clamped between two boards, and he ended up with something like an onion or a turnip, not to say peanut.

The proud men of the Caucasus used to fancy a skull tapering sharply upward, which gave them a brow double the length of the rest of the face. That was the really stylish thing in head shapes.

Ears also had their share of refashioning. Castes of long-eared men have had lobes flowing down to their shoulders. An African tribe, which rated iron as the most precious metal, had its rich virgins carry earrings weighing up to 15 pounds.



## FRUITS OF DELIBERATION



Reader, here is the fruit of my leisure hours . . . judge it impartially. It is but a small part of my work. I have been writing since childhood. I have much still unfinished. Here I give you a fragment. Fame pleases man. They say fame is like smoke. That's not true. I don't believe it.

Read this carefully and think kindly of me. Goodbye.

April 11, 1853

Kozma PRUTKOV

Kozma Prutkov was the pseudonym adopted by Alexei Tolstoy and the brothers Alaxel, Vladimir and Alexander Zhamchuzhnikov, whose joint writings appeared between the 'fifties and 'savantiaa of last century. The author they invented posed as an educated person, poet and historian and concocted schemas for governing the country; he wrote dramas, comedies, poems, anecdotes, fables, satirical essays. His pomposity and self-conceit reached a peak in *Fruits of Deliberation*. His adages, which claim worldly wisdom, are either banalities pronounced with an air of importance or truisms. But he did it with such eudacity and persistence that his "wisdom" won him a literary reputation. Kozma Prutkov's aphorisms have been appearing for over a century and can still arouse smiles.

If you have a fountain, turn it off; even a fountain needs a rest.

A writer of genius needs encouragement just as the bow of a virtuoso needs resin.

The wedding ring is the first link in the chain of married life.

Nobody can encompass the uncompassable.

Better say little but say it well.

The dawn of a fine day is like the birth of an innocent babe: the one may not end without rain or the other without tears.

The infant's first step is his first step to his death.

Death is set at the end of life so that there's time to get ready for it.

If shadows did not depend on the size of the objects that cast them but had their own independent growth, there might be no light places left on the earth.

Be vigilant.

Three things, once begun, are difficult to finish: a) eating good food; b) talking with a friend who is just back from a campaign; c) scratching where it itches.

Everyone says that health is man's dearest possession, but no one does anything about it.

The income of a libertine is like a short blanket: by pulling it up to his nose he exposes his feet.

Don't exacerbate the wounds of your neighbour; offer balm to the suffering. . . . If you dig a hole for another man you may land there yourself.

When asked: "Which is more useful, the sun or the moon?" the answer is "The moon". The sun shines in the daytime, when there is enough light as it is, but the moon shines at night.

Don't quail before an enemy—a man's worst enemy is himself.

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## TIME TO SMILE

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**Envious Intrigues**

The young film director was indignant. "Why," he wanted to know, "do they always have to show my films when the cinema is empty?"

\* \* \*

**Think Ahead**

"Just imagine! While I was playing the clarinet my neighbour threw a stone and smashed my window."

"Very stupid of him. Now he can hear you even better."

\* \* \*

**Sure Sign**

A guide was explaining to tourists on the shores of a mountain lake. "When the opposite shore can be seen, it's a sure sign of rain."

"Suppose it can't be seen?"

"That means it's already raining."

\* \* \*

**The Pessimist**

"I bought a car to see the world."

"Which world? This or the next?"

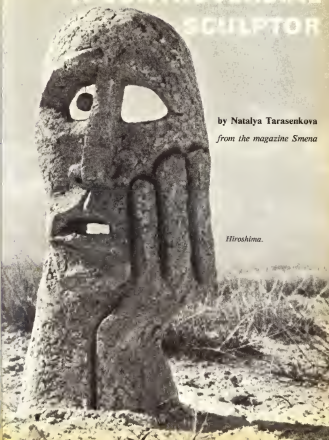
\* \* \*

**ONE DISEASE FOR TWO**

Vera and Nadezhda Vasiliev, twins now aged 50, have been sharing diseases since childhood. Recently the sisters, who live in different parts of the Soviet Union, fell ill on the same day. The diagnoses coincided—disorder of blood circulation of the brain caused by hypertension.

This is a unique case of simultaneous outbreak of disease in twins.  
*from Sovetskaya Latvia (Soviet Latvia)*

## A CONTROVERSIAL SCULPTOR



by Natalya Tarasenkova  
*from the magazine Smena*

*Hiroshima.*

Horror. Pain. Despair. Rigid fingers digging deep into a cheek. An open-mouthed, suffering, emaciated face. Under tense, raised eyebrows—emptiness. A fatbomless emptiness. Through one eye-socket, only the sky can be seen. In the other, there is a black pupil. The wind whistles past, howls through it, a lament for the dead and those who still suffer and die from the effects of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima.

"Hiroshima" is a gift to Japan from the Armenian sculptor Arto Chakmakchan. The 60-foot concrete monument is designed to stand on a barren, open site, without a tree or a blade of grass for miles around.

Over two decades have passed since Hiroshima. Arto was only 11 when it happened and at the time did not grasp the full dimensions of the tragedy. Today his sculpture speaks for his understanding.

Arto Chakmakchan is a promising young sculptor and graphic artist. In Yerevan, the capital of Armenia, where he now lives, people speak about him enthusiastically. His home in Komitas Street is always crowded. His mother Armenui often watches her son display his work.

"Are you happy to have a sculptor son?" ask some of the guests.

"I certainly am. My son is my pride", she promptly replies.

But when they leave she sighs, "I don't quite see what delights them all. Why couldn't you be a doctor, son?"

It had been an old dream to have a doctor son. But her elder son is a

sculptor and the younger an engineer who is now also a student at the Conservatoire.

Once they lived in Cairo, in a new European quarter. The day they received permission to come to Soviet Armenia is fresh in Arto's memory.

Their large apartment became terribly crowded when the news brought all their relatives in. The children sat quiet but the adults were raging.

"It is not long since you buried your husband here, Armenui. And now you want to renounce everything he built up for you over the years. You want to go to a country that was in the throes of war only three years ago."

Arto couldn't recognize his mother. Usually she liked to argue or talk with animation in a voice at one moment tender, at the next harsh and angry. Now she wore a look of submission, as if she agreed with all she heard.

"Ask your children if they want to leave. Ask them, Armenui!"

Her sons looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders. They liked Cairo. They went to school and had many friends. With them they ran about the Arab quarters and went on excursions to the Pyramids. But they would go to the Soviet Union aboard a huge ship. Such an adventure was worth the risk.

"Then send Arto to Uncle Vagan. He is a rich man and lives in Paris. He will be able to give the boy an excellent education. Give him your son, Armenui. He has asked you for



*Every summer the sculptor Arto Chakmakchan travels about Armenia, studying the art of his forefathers.*

him so many times!"

"No," she said calmly. "We are going and we are going together. If you want to help us, help us to pack."

They came to Armenia in the early postwar years. It was a difficult time. The three of them had to live in one small, damp room.

And the winter! Arto had never imagined that winters in Armenia could be so cold. To a boy from Egypt it was like the North Pole.

But he had other feelings too, in the land of his forefathers. He felt as if somehow, sometime, he had

known this land; as if, in some inexplicable way, it was a "return".

The churches and fortresses, so sparsely, and expressively designed, seemed familiar. He saw northern Armenia, a kingdom of rock. Stones huge and small, like sea pebbles, green like frogs, round like watermelons and flat like tombstones. He saw a hard-working people, a people who had to win earth from those rocks.

And in the south, the rich soil, the vivid colours which burst on the eye like an explosion made the boy

feel like singing with exultation. The caves. The pink candy volcanic rock. The crimson mountains supporting the deep blue sky.

Every summer Arto set out to wander through Armenia. And each time the talent of his people brought him fresh delights.

He finished art school and graduated from an Art College—both with honours—and returned to his school to teach others.

Today Arto has a spacious studio. His portraits and monumental works are amazingly expressive. To that end the sculptor bends all his talents and incessantly searches for new means of expression. This is most eloquently demonstrated in his best works—"Komitas", "Hiroshima", "In Memory of the Fallen", "Portrait of the Artist's Mother", "Adam and Eve".

In the "Portrait of the Artist's Mother", the forms are split, sharp, even somewhat dry. He distorts the face, neck and arms to emphasize what he wants. It is the artist's way of conveying feeling, the human sorrow and the greatness of a mother's destiny. The "Portrait" attains an all-encompassing embrace and becomes a dramatic symbol of all Mothers.

"Adam and Eve" is one of ten sculptures Chakmakchan has conceived for a kind of outdoor museum.



*Komitas (monument to the great Armenian composer).*



It is to be located on an open plateau on the way to the Garni fortress, once the residence of Armenian kings. The statues, 9 to 12 feet high, in tuff and basalt, are to be set amidst the magnificent landscape of Armenia and will rise from the ground like an extension of Mother Earth. The composition is moving, full of charm and lyricism. To some this sensation seems to arise in spite of the ponderous, magnified forms. Others feel that it is due to these forms.

The sculptor has dedicated nearly

*Portrait of the Artist's Mother.  
Mask.*



ten years of his life to creating a monument to Komitas, the great Armenian composer (1869-1935). His image has become an obsession with the artist, his *alter ego*. He has sculpted a whole series of fragments of the work—the head of the composer, a portrait, a study of the monument-to-be and, finally, a model of the future statue for Yerevan. In a long robe, a scroll in his hand, Komitas stands right on the ground—the sculptor dislikes pedestals. It is the incarnation of a legend rather than a realistic portrait. The artist's attitude to Komitas is complex. To him Komitas is martyr and creator in one, or even more accurately, a martyr detached from the every-day, from reality.

This interpretation may be accepted or rejected, but there is no denying its power of expression: nothing born out of a passionate idea will meet with cold indifference.

Not all the work of Arto Chakmakchan is totally convincing. There is an element of the "overdone", of the blatantly ugly or the exceedingly archaic in some of his sculptures. But even when the novelty of his images or the sharpness of expression leaves an indelible impression, very few people express categorically their approval or disapproval. Perhaps that is the reason why the sculptor is often praised, but as often finds himself a subject of controversy.

If that is the case, Arto Chakmakchan is really a most promising sculptor and his failures are as interesting as his successes.



Kiss.



Adam and Eve.



*Tolstoi has inspired many producers—at least fifteen films have been made from "Anna Karenina" in various countries. Now another one has been put out at Mosfilm Studios, with Alexander Zarkhi directing and Tatyana Samoilova in the title role.*

# ENCOUNTER WITH ANNA KARENINA

by Mikhail Dolinsky and Semyon Chertok

*from the magazine Sovietyky Ekran (Soviet Screen)*

That wonderful actress Greta Garbo had two shots at Anna, and although she acted well both times she was not the heroine of Tolstoi's novel. The first film, released in 1927, was called *Love* and in it Garbo hamstrung by a version of the novel

that represented the ultimate in condensation, was obliged to repeat her performances from previous films—the woman who is caught in the grip of a fatal passion. No more than that.

The second film, made eight years



*"She felt so criminal and guilty that all she could do was to humble herself and beg pardon; and as there was no one in her life now but him, it was to him she addressed her pleas for pardon." Vassil Lanovoi as Vronsky.*



later, was called *Anna Karenina* and gave a wider, but not deeper view of the novel. The trouble was not that Garbo did not bear any outward resemblance to the character, but that her interpretation was

abstract, without connection with Russia, with the environment described by Tolstoi. On the screen we saw a loving, suffering woman, but not Tolstoi's Anna.

After the war another great



*"Levin listened and talked and all the time he was thinking of her, of her inner life, trying to guess at her feelings." Boris Goldayev as Levin.*

*"There!" she said to herself, glancing into the shadows of the truck and at the mixture of sand and coaldust with which the sleepers were sprinkled. "There, into the very middle, and I shall punish him and be free of everyone and myself!"*



actress—the British Vivien Leigh—had a go at Anna, but the result was no happier, even though she achieved a closer external likeness than did her Swedish predecessor.

Up till now there has not been a Soviet screen version of the novel, for one cannot count the filming of the Moscow Art Theatre stage production. Now we have our own *Anna Karenina*, with Tatyana Samoilova, a choice surprising to some, in the title role.

We asked Tatyana Samoilova whether she had seen Greta Garbo and Vivien Leigh in the part.

"Only Vivien Leigh", she replied. "But I don't want to study her performance because it may involuntarily influence mine."

"Well, when speaking about foreign actresses I recall my conversation with Sophia Loren and Marina Vladi at the Moscow Film Festival. Both confessed that they dreamt of playing Anna. When they heard you were going to they were both delighted and disappointed. . . ."

Tatyana Samoilova was silent.

"What attracts you to the role?"

"There are women who do not seem to have a personality of their own, but shine with reflected light, one might say. I don't find them interesting. Anna Karenina is a person with a clearly expressed personality, and I class her with Mary Stuart and Joan of Arc (from the point of view of energy, dynamism and force of character). I like her special quality of character, her efforts to find herself, to assert herself as an individual.

"In classical novels and plays there are characters who serve their authors in the same way as musical instruments serve composers. By making clever use of them he enriches the melody and creates the nuances of sound he requires. Then there are other characters who themselves are composers. Karenina is the author of the tragic music of her life. I thought about all this as I studied the novel and Tolstoi's work in general. You remember, of course, what Flaubert said of the heroine of his *Madame Bovary*: 'Emma is myself. I believe the same can be said of Anna. She is part of Tolstoi, and her world is his world. When he was writing his novel, he lived the character and admired her.

"Later on Tolstoi despised himself for having written *Anna Karenina*. Having torn Anna from himself he now saw her through the eyes of a stranger. Here one can see the effect of his own dual nature, which was present in Anna, too. Unless one understands this it is impossible to play Anna or to express her love.

"What could be more fascinating for an actress than to have to reveal to the audience all the phases of Anna's love, which are so different one from the other? It holds out a million possibilities, and you want to grasp at all of them although you realize that you cannot avail yourself of every one."

Samoilova was so interested in her part in *Anna Karenina* that she declined all other offers until this film was completed.

As she put it: "I am full of Anna".



The scene of Anna Karenina's meeting with her son. (Anna is Tatyana Samoilova).

Anna Karenina with her husband. Karenin is played by Nikolai Gritsenko.





*The scene at the races.*

On the stage are five blackboards. Columns of figures have been chalked up on four of them. The boards begin to spin and the numbers are now quite indecipherable: the eyes see nothing but round white blurs. The performer, who until now has been standing at the footlights with his back to the boards, runs over to them, peers intently at the spinning figures for a second or two, then turns to face the audience and says: "8,456!"

In a split second he has added up all the numbers named by the audience and chalked up on the four blackboards. But now the result has to be checked. So he takes a piece of chalk and begins to add up the figures written on each of the four slates. The grand total is written on the fifth board. What does it come to? 8,456! The crowd roars. . .

#### Victim of Memory

"Psychological experiments" is the title of the show. The actor guesses dates of birth, names of towns and people, and ingeniously concealed objects. A momentary glance at a twenty-digit number and he can name all the figures in their proper order or say which of them occupies the seventh place or the sixteenth and so on.

No, it's not a trick—nor is there anything supernatural about it. On stage is an ordinary man with extraordinary abilities. His name is Mikhail Kuni.

Mikhail Kuni was about twelve when he first became aware of his

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

by **Natalya VOSKRESENSKAYA**  
and **Victor TOBOLRV**

*condensed from the magazine*  
**ZNANIYE—SILA**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

amazing ability to count rapidly. One day a classmate of his accidentally dropped some matches on the floor. "So what? Leave them be, we've still got half a box left." "Less than half", broke in Misha Kuni, "there's thirty-one on the floor." "Come off it", scoffed his incredulous pal.

They gathered them up and counted them—exactly thirty-one. "How on earth did you guess?" "I didn't guess."

"But you couldn't have counted them at a single glance."

"You know", Misha said pensively, "I didn't count them. I don't really know how I did it. . ."

Then there was another curious episode. A girl friend of his once invited him to her birthday party. He decided to draw her portrait and give it to her as a present. When it was ready he himself was amazed by the likeness to the original—for he had been drawing from memory, after all. That was when he first realized that he had an exceptional visual memory.

He graduated at the Higher Com-

# KUNI THE HUMAN COMPUTER



mercial Art Studio in Moscow and went into variety doing lightning sketches. Someone from among the audience would call out names of famous writers, performers or public figures and he would then draw their portraits blindfolded. As time went on he added new numbers to his act.

Kuni appeared on stage as a hypnotist, read people's thoughts and began to experiment with numbers demonstrating his fabulous memory. Incidentally, Mikhail Kuni believes his memory played a cruel trick on him: because of it he is now a stage artist, not a painter. "Giving up painting was the most tragic mistake of my whole life," he says.

### The Compère and the Hippopotamus

In the winter of 1930 Professor V. A. Gorash of Leningrad invited Mikhail Kuni to his house and asked him to demonstrate some of his experiments. The guest was given the task of remembering several dozen words. "That's easy," said Kuni. To his horror the words were all Latin and most of them completely unfamiliar. After a short pause, however, he repeated every one of them in the exact order they had been named.

This experience gave him an idea for a new act: let the audience call out any words they wanted and he would then repeat them in any sequence. The number turned out to be a very effective one. Yet after some time Kuni decided to drop it.

Officiating at one of the shows was

a very popular compère, a man of truly formidable proportions (let's say his name was Ivanov). Among the words called up by the audience and written down by Kuni's assistant were the name of the compère and the word hippopotamus. In the list they were some distance apart, so nothing seemed to be amiss.

When the public began to call out the numbers of the words, and Kuni heard a request for the twelfth and forty-seventh words he answered without a moment's hesitation, "Hippopotamus", "Ivanov". The audience exploded into laughter and Kuni later had to apologize to the compère. That was when Kuni realized that word combinations could sometimes be a very tricky thing and so he dropped the number from his act.

When he gives performances abroad Kuni always communicates with the audience in their own language. It usually takes him about a month to prepare. There was one occasion, however, when he got by with far less time for practice.

### Finland Instead of Japan? So What?

He was doing a show in Kharkov when a cable from Moscow informed him he was to travel to Japan in a month's time. He got down to business and mastered Japanese. A week before his expected departure for Japan he returned to Moscow only to be told he was going to Finland. This time he really had to work fast, but in Helsinki a week later he

answered questions from the audience without the help of an interpreter.

His linguistic abilities have never let Kuni down.

On September 12, 1957, the Swedish newspaper *Expressen* wrote: "Kuni carries on such a lively conversation with his audience that one gets the impression he has been living in this country for at least three years."

### The Grand Master Acknowledges Defeat

Seven years later Kuni's knowledge of Swedish again came in very handy. A group of Swedish newsmen went to see his show in Leningrad. At the request of the theatre manager Kuni chatted with the Swedes in their own language.

A chess-player who plays chess without looking at the board always creates a sensation. Just think what a memory he must have to remember the positions of some twenty or thirty chessmen and, what is more, to sift through a multitude of possible moves and counter-moves in quest of the one move he thinks right.

It may seem that Mikhail Kuni is just about cut out to be a perfect chess-player. But the truth is he is no better than a good amateur. Nevertheless he did once surprise even a Grand Master.

He used to do a number in which he would ask someone from the audience to arrange the chessmen on the board completely at random.

After a quick glance at the board he would remember the position then

turn away and easily name the square occupied by the black knight or the white rook, and identify the figure that was on square a6 or c4 and so forth.

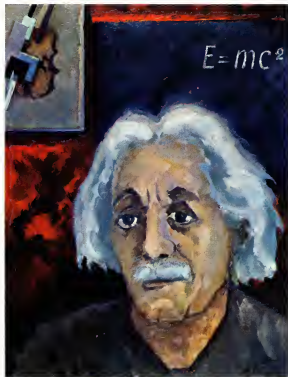
Kuni used to think this number could never impress a chess-player, particularly a really good one. He was wrong. A Grand Master of chess present at one of his shows once tried to compete with Kuni. The Grand Master failed to remember the positions of all the men on the board—something Kuni did with the greatest of ease. There was no logic or meaning in the arrangement of the chessmen, so the specially trained memory of the chess-player proved powerless.

June 8, 1966, was a bad day for Mikhail Kuni. "In one show I made more mistakes than I normally would in several months", he later recalled.

### Bond With a Footballer

The experiments had to be repeated several times in a row until they came out right. Mikhail Kuni thinks nothing of remembering twenty-digit numbers, but this time he succeeded only on a second try. And that ill-starred night the number with the spinning blackboards was a complete flop.

Those in the audience who had seen him before were completely taken aback, and wondered whether he was ill. "No", says Kuni, "I wasn't sick. I was simply unable to mobilize myself, to concentrate my willpower and attention. And I know why, too. That night there was a



Mikhail Kuni, variety artist, paints for a hobby. Here is his portrait of Albert Einstein.



"Red Eclipse", another of Kuni's paintings

terrible thunderstorm in Moscow. On days like that I always find it hard to perform. But what can you do about it? The weather man isn't consulted about my schedule. And if you cancel a show because of bad weather it means you'll be turning several hundred people out into a downpour. So, like the football players, I have to have a go in any weather."

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#### Happy Birthday!

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People make all sorts of mistakes on the stage. One of them Mikhail Kuni always recalls with pleasure. He was supposed to name the day,

month and year of birth of a woman who had just appeared on stage in response to his customary invitation—"I want several people from the audience to come up here and help me".

On the blackboard she had written September 19, 1933. As usual Kuni had not seen the board. He walked up to the woman, took her by the hand and . . . offered his belated greetings on the birthday she had celebrated the day before. Then he said: "You were born on May 15, 1929." His assistant was standing ready, and promptly twisted the board so that the audience could see what the woman had written



Kuni's "City Stones".



"Still Life."

down. Instead of the usual applause the hall responded with a chorus of startled whispering.

#### Rings Before His Eyes

Mikhail Kuni eyed the blackboard, then turned a bewildered gaze to the woman. She looked rather confused. Her voice betraying her emotion, she said to the hall: "What he said was right." Turning to Kuni she added: "Please forgive me. You were not mistaken, it's my fault." To prove it she took her passport out of her handbag. Kuni opened it and read the date: May 15, 1929. He showed it to those who were on the stage. The audience burst into laughter.

The most effective number in

Mikhail Kuni's act is the one with the spinning blackboards.

Kuni started out with motionless boards. They could, however, be revolved by hand to show the audience both the side that had been written on and the clean one. One night, after the show was over, Kuni happened to catch sight of a board that had been used that very evening. What he saw was a column of four-digit numbers written upside down. Purely out of force of habit he started to add them up. To make it easier, he decided to imagine them as being turned right side up.

Then the thought struck him that the position of the blackboard made no difference to him. Even if it were revolving he would still have time to distinguish the numbers and



remember them—adding them would then present no problem at all. At first he experimented with only one spinning board, now he can do it with five at a time.

He always does this particular number in the first half of the show. One night a funny thing happened. Some time towards the end of the show, when Kuni was replying to questions from the floor, he was asked whether he still remembered the position of the numbers on the revolving blackboards.

His assistant brought the boards back on stage and Mikhail Kuni rattled off the numbers from memory. But this time instead of the usual applause all he got was a chilling silence. Kuni looked round and caught his breath. His memory had played another trick on him. The figures he had named were the ones written down the night before.

This was immediately corroborated by a member of the audience who had been so enthralled by the previous night's performance that he had decided to come one more time, and who now displayed his notes to prove it. Kuni begged the audience's pardon for his forgetfulness, then went on to name all the figures of that day.

#### Applauding Physicists

A memorable incident occurred when Kuni was doing a show in Dubna, a town not far from Moscow where many physicists live.

He came out of the wings, bowed and greeted the audience. Sitting in



*In a few moments Mikhail Kuni will announce the grand total of all the numbers written on these four whirling boards.*

the first row were the world-famous physicists Igor Kurchatov and Vladimir Veksler. "Hm", mused Kuni, "this is going to be some battle: figures are not going to impress these fellows."

Warming to the task, he decided to try remembering a forty-digit number instead of the usual twenty-digit one. The experiment went off without a hitch even though he had never done it before. But the reaction in the hall was rather muted. The



spinning blackboards likewise failed to produce any marked impression.

This was followed by a number in which he has to remember the sequence of coloured discs. Trying to show the audience how difficult it was, Kuni invited a volunteer from the hall to test his or her own colour memory. This proved to be an anti-climax too: a lady physicist from Czechoslovakia came out and correctly identified nine out of the twelve discs.

Now there was only one hope left, the chalked circles. In desperation Kuni decided to take a risk. He asked for as many circles to be drawn on the board as possible, adding that they

could be drawn one inside the other and even so that their lines crossed.

"While they were being chalked on the board", Kuni recalls, "I talked to the audience. Suddenly I felt I had to stop, because the audience was tittering. I turned round and saw that the board hardly had any black space left. Come what might, I simply had to determine the number of circles—and to do it fast and accurately too. I made a quick dash to the board. Two or three seconds later I called out the result: 167.

"I've counted them all right", I said to the audience, "but you're going to have a hard time checking me."

"The delegates from the audience spent about five minutes doing it. They finally announced after a careful count that there really were 167 circles. That was when the ice finally started to melt.

"Later, after the performance, I found out why the physicists had given my earlier numbers such a chilly reception. It turned out they had decided I was simply showing them some conjuring tricks. So it was only when they saw my experiments were really serious stuff that they began to treat them with respect."

The following is a comment signed by the Learned Secretary of the Joint Nuclear Research Institute: "Were we not physicists, it would be extremely hard to believe that the human brain in conjunction with external environment is capable of performing such miracles. Dubna, April 12, 1959."

\*  
\* \* \* SMILE A WHILE \* \* \*  
\*

Who's Slimming?

"My wife has taken up riding to reduce. These days she seldom gets off horseback."

"Any visible effect?"

"Oh, yes. The horse lost 45 pounds in one week."

Not a Word in Edgewise

"That young man is very bad-mannered. He kept yawning all the time I was talking to him."

"But, my dear, perhaps he was trying to say something."

Deduction

Little boy to mother: "Mummy, you've got some grey hair."

"Parents always turn grey when children do not behave properly."

Little boy (thinking hard): "I see. That's why Granny is so grey."

Lucky

Father to small son at dinner table: "When I was your age, our family was very poor and we never had such nice things to eat."

Small son to father: "You're lucky, Daddy, that you're living with us now and can always have good meals."

Justice at the Opera

Wife to husband, fidgeting in his seat at the opera: "You don't like it, dear?"

"The tenor is simply hideous."

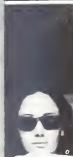
"Let's go home, then."

"Never! He will be killed in the third act, and I want the pleasure of seeing it."



## Fashion Parade

*Designers from 24 countries exhibited at the first international fashion festival in Moscow.*





*Evening dress from France. Many kinds of evening wear are highlighted with embroidery, often in pearls and other stones.*



*Two outfits for day wear from the Soviet Union, with a strong dash of sporting flavour.*

*Items from Chanel's collection, shown for the first time outside Paris.*



*Sports outfits were widely represented.*



*There is tremendous variety in fashion today, and nowhere is this more clearly seen than in colours. Rich, striking hues, colours that seem to have been out in the rain. Plenty of yellows, oranges, reds . . .*



## TRUE STORIES

The following stories from the life of students and faculty members of the Moscow Institute of Physics and Technology have been collected for *Sputnik* by the students themselves.

### Closer and Closer

Dr. B. Solonouts once gave a brilliant example of the method of approximation. He wrote a formula on the blackboard and asked his class: "Do you know what this is?"

No response.

"To be more exact: did you know it at examination time?"

No response.

"To be still more exact: were you supposed to know it for your exams?"

Unanimous answer: "Yes!"



### Anything We Can Do. . .

Exams were round the corner. During a lecture in mathematical analysis the students questioned the professor about the contents of the forthcoming paper.

"It will contain some interesting problems," he said. "Right now faculty members are busy working on one of them. If we solve it, it will be included in the examination paper."



### A Sure Way to Remember

It was the day of the graduation exams in physics. Professor Kapítza had just come in and was hanging up his coat in the faculty cloakroom. Dr. Byelotserkovsky, the rector, noticed that he didn't take the tag and asked him, "Won't you forget the number?"

"No," said Kapítza, "I always hang my coat on No. 273—absolute zero Centigrade."

Some days later the professor arrived at the institute to find a dozen raincoats and coats hanging on No. 273. His method of remembering had obviously caught on. He stood around undecided until a freshman accosted him:

"Sir, why don't you try No. 524? That's absolute zero Fahrenheit."



# DIONYSIUS THE ICON PAINTER

by Nikita Goleizovský  
and Savelli Yamshchikov

His customers were distinguished churchmen and even the Grand Prince. He painted churches and monastery chapels all over the huge expanse of Russia.

*History of Russian Art,*  
Vol. III.



*Alexei Meets the Khan—border scene from the icon "Metropolitan Alexei".*



*The icon "Metropolitan Alexei", painted somewhere between 1462 and 1483, with border scenes from the life of the Metropolitan.*



*Visiting Berdubek of the Golden Horde—  
border scene from the icon "Metropolitan  
Alexei".*

*Homage to the Relics of Alexei after  
Death—border scene from the icon  
"Metropolitan Alexei".*



In 1482, the Saint Sophia Calendar recorded friction between Bishop Iosif of Volotsk and Prince Fyodor Borisovich. Iosif, a wily politician, tried hard to mollify the Prince's wrath. But the Prince was implacable: he made peace only after Bishop Iosif had given him several icons painted by Rublyov and Dionysius.

Medieval Russia's chroniclers never bothered with the gossip of the day: they recorded only major events, so the conflict of prince and bishop

and the handing over of these icons from the monastery collection must have appealed to them as big news.

Good paintings and painters were obviously in keen demand in those days. Leaders of church and state thought it essential to have a group of good artists at court. They grudged no expense and stopped at no means to obtain good artists. They won over others' artists by inducements, or even shamelessly kidnapped them.

When the first Russian schools of

*The Healing of Taidula, the Khan's Wife—border scene from the icon "Metropolitan Alexei".*



painting came into being they created as much stir as their works do among art collectors today, even though they did not have the aura of age they have now. As the settlement terms imposed by the Prince showed, icons and other ecclesiastical paintings were rated highly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. And the fact that the chronicler mentions Dionysius indicates that the artist had, by 1482, achieved fame to compare with that of the great Rublyov.

Andrei Rublyov founded the Russian school of painting. The chronicles of the times speak of "Father Andrei" as a saint, as the ideal of purity and noble but modest wisdom. Dionysius, born about 70 years later, worshipped the art of his great predecessor. He strove diligently to imitate Rublyov, but in personal habits was the opposite of "Father Andrei".

Rublyov looked upon church decoration as holy endeavour. The chroniclers say that he would gaze on icons for hours, "joy and ardour in his eyes". But Dionysius would take along a roast leg of mutton and boiled eggs to have a good dinner right in front of the holy images.

Economical in words, the chroniclers did not think it worth while to inform posterity of Dionysius' birth and death dates. But the affair of the leg of mutton lunch before icons is cited at length—apparently for its salutary moral. For, having so brazenly violated the monastery canons, Dionysius was punished—and punished without delay. He had hardly begun swallowing his roast

mutton when terrible pains seized him.

This free-thinker, the chroniclers solemnly claim, could not move a limb. He suffered agonies, and was cured only when he repented before the Superior of the monastery, brought to his side by the artist's frightened pupils and assistants.

Some 60 or 70 years ago, before old paintings came under analytical scrutiny, many art collectors boasted possession of icons by Rublyov or Dionysius. The boasts had nothing to back them except vanity. In the first place, many ancient Russian paintings were irreparably lost or painted over several times during six stormy centuries of Russian history. Secondly, the Russian artists of old did not sign their icons. Thus documented authorship is rare.

Dionysius was, presumably, born around 1440. Of the many works attributed to him by chroniclers only a few survived: "Hodigitria" in the Ascension Monastery in Moscow, dated 1482, the frescoes of St. Pherapontus Monastery some 200 miles from Vologda, "The Saviour" and "The Crucifixion" (Pavlovo-Obnorsk Monastery), dated 1500, and "Metropolitan Alexei" (now in the Tretyakov Picture Gallery).

The earliest of Dionysius' works of which we find mention were paintings in the Church of the Nativity of the Virgin (St. Pathnuthius Monastery). These works, done between 1467 and 1477, have not survived. Dionysius worked there with a certain Mitrofan: the chronicler put Dionysius' name second, which may

signify that Mitrofan was an older and more experienced painter. Both, however, are rated as unsurpassed masters. Dionysius must have been painting icons for a long time to have won such a high appraisal.

In 1481 Dionysius, together with Timothy, a priest, and Yarets and Konya, secular artists, painted icons for the most important Russian church of the time—the Assumption Cathedral in the Kremlin. The team received 100 roubles—a colossal sum for those times. The chronicler now puts Dionysius at the top of the list.

Archbishop Vassian of Rostov is named as the artists' patron. Vassian is regarded by Russian historians as a patriot, an excellent writer and a man of influence at the court of the Grand Prince of Muscovy, Ivan III. Vassian, the Grand Prince's confessor, set him at peace with his bellicose brother princes and christened the heir to the Russian throne, Vassili, in 1479.

Vassian was from the same St. Pathnuthius Monastery. Dionysius had decorated with Mitrofan, and he so admired the artist that he recommended him to the Grand Prince as the chief icon-painter of Moscow's foremost cathedral. Ivan III took a fancy to Dionysius, who remained his favourite artist for many years. The Prince saw in Dionysius' works a regal splendour that gave special lustre to his reign as unifier of the Russian lands.

No documentary evidence has been found of Dionysius' work in the 'nineties, but it is certain that he worked

mostly in Moscow, where the Kremlin and a series of churches were being speedily rebuilt and several new churches erected. His group now included his sons, Theodosius and Vladimir.

The chronicles have nothing about his last known work—the paintings in the Chapel of the Virgin in St. Pherapontus Monastery. An inscription on the soffit of the north door of the church confirmed Dionysius' authorship.

An icon-painting group given the assignment for further decoration of the royal court's Assumption Cathedral was led by master Theodosius, Dionysius' son. Dionysius by this time was, apparently, either dead or too old to work.

Dionysius lived in an epoch of national upsurge, and his creative endeavour reflected the new ideas of the time which was marked by the growing might of the Russian state. This determined to a great extent his maturity and artistic perfection.

His manner lacks the striking individuality of Rublyov's school. In the works of his pupils, it is more difficult to discern individual styles than in the icons and paintings by Rublyov's followers. Nonetheless, Dionysius, like Rublyov, initiated a new trend in Russian painting, giving interest to his works to this day. He extended the range of subjects. The artist was particularly fond of painting icons that featured the lives of saints. An icon of this kind presented a saint's image surrounded by 15 or 20 scenes from his life.

*More illustrations overleaf.*



Chanting Prayers by Peter's Tomb—  
border scene from the icon "Metropolitan  
Alexei".

Detail from the icon "The Crucifixion"  
(Pavlovo-Obnorsk Monastery), dated  
1500.





## STURGEON SENDS SIGNAL

*From the newspaper  
Vecheray Rostov*

When sturgeon move from the Caspian Sea to the upper reaches of the Volga to spawn they now find their way blocked by the dams of hydroelectric stations. Lifts have to be provided to get them across. But when should the lifts be opened to receive them? Where are the sturgeon and how fast are they moving up stream?

To find an answer to these questions, Yuri Spektor, researcher at the Lvov Physico-Mechanical Institute, has designed a midjet hydroacoustic device. Planted in the body of a fish, the apparatus sends signals which are received by a patrol motorboat. The new device has furnished information on the migration "schedules" of valuable fish species and on the exact location of their spawning places.

It has been learned, for one thing, that the average speed of the ascending sturgeon is only a little over a mile per hour, not five or six miles an hour as was formerly believed.

# SHOULD EVERYONE



## HAVE A CAR?

by Victor Moyev

*condensed from the magazine Novy Mir*

*"Oh, such a beautiful city,  
and they've turned it into a  
garage!"*

*A Soviet tourist overheard in Paris.*

The private car is an asset. That's one of the basic axioms of this century. Yet—and here's the rub—if we look at the experience of the world's greatest cities, we see that soaring "automobilization" is a bigger bane than boon. Automobiles flood the streets, making a lot of noise and fouling the air with petrol fumes. During rush hours traffic jams reduce speeds to a walking pace. What is more, tens of thousands of people lose their lives every year in traffic accidents.

The experience of the United

States in the designing, mass production and servicing of cars is certainly worth serious study. Yet, on the other hand, it is the United States that let the genie out of the bottle through years of vociferous advertising, with the result that the car has become well nigh a status symbol and token of prosperity. Fetishism of this kind has led to a situation where privately owned automobiles have started to crowd out the public transport services. This, however, has created a crisis.

Special commissions have been

set up in various countries to go into the problem as it relates to cities with populations ranging from tens of thousands to millions. They have all come up with very discouraging findings, which boil down to the fact that a road network designed exclusively for motor traffic is hardly a practical proposition even from the engineering point of view—and quite out of the question from the standpoint of town planning.

### How to Get the Genie Back Into the Bottle?

The affliction is upon us, and its name is transport paralysis. The question is how does one cure it: by putting everything into private transport (the car) or by developing public transport systems?

The Soviet Union has been giving preference to the latter all along. The usual reaction to this has been, "They're too poor!" Now that the experiment of giving priority to the promotion of privately owned vehicles has brought practical consequences, it will be evident that poverty was by no means the prime mover behind our plans after all. Poverty, such as it was, found its expression in something else altogether: we simply lacked the resources to buttress mass urban transport systems with cars. But as time went on, the resources appeared.

Possibility, however, is one thing, necessity another. If, after all, it is beyond automobiles to cope with urban passenger traffic without the aid of public transport, then perhaps it is equally true that public

transport systems are up to the task of meeting a city's requirements without the aid of cars. Is it or isn't it? And if not, then what should be the optimum proportion of cars in urban passenger traffic? Are there any grounds for supposing there is an optimum at all?

Abstract as they may seem, these are by no means idle questions.

In particular, the anti-car bias took root in the minds of municipal authorities because of their reluctance to face the need for road reconstruction. This, however, is made essential both by the development of public transport systems and by town planning projects. The last ten to fifteen years have seen the advent of a mass-scale revision of town-planning in theory and practice—so much so that an entirely new concept has appeared. It is a concept based on a whole complex, of which the transport problem forms part. This being so, it is certainly necessary to assess the place that rightfully belongs to the automobile in the city.

A general development plan for Moscow up to the year 2000 is now being drawn up. A number of projects have been put forward in which the various aspects of the city's development have come in for some highly divergent treatments. Since the plan has not yet been finalized, the debates continue.

The sponsors of one project argue that "further utilization of automobile transport is utterly pointless". Why? Because they predict traffic congestion in the metro-

politan area to the extent of five hundred cars per thousand inhabitants.

In other words, this means that except for children, invalids and certain specific population groups virtually everyone will own a car. But this is something no road transport system can ever hope to cope with. Quite obviously this project has one basic premise—that everyone will want a car, and so everyone will have one.

Another group of experts assert that "the number of cars a city



should have can be estimated on the probable number of medical permits for driving that would be granted to the various sections of the population". Such a restriction is quite reasonable and, in effect, it implies no substantial differences from the first prediction for, after all, every able-bodied person will surely want to have a car. In both cases, therefore, the city dweller of the future is assumed to be dominated by individualistic motives, by a desire primarily to possess a car, not specifically to use one.

Let us now turn to another concept. This one is incorporated in the master development plan approved for Leningrad in 1966.

The Leningraders proceeded above all on the lines that the primary purpose of any transport vehicle is to save the passenger's time—and save more of it than other forms of transport.

The question the city planners asked themselves was whether mass public transport would always be the quickest way to travel in the Leningrad of the future. It is a commonly known fact that after a certain point further development of mass transport does not pay. Frequent stops, changes from one vehicle to another and complicated routes stretch the time it takes to get from place to place. What is more, beyond a certain point there comes a sharp rise in the cost of the necessary installations.

Therefore, knowing the prospects facing the development of mass public transport facilities, the Leningraders set out to learn whether it might not sometimes prove faster to travel by car. The future Leningrad was broken down into sixty districts and calculations were made of all possible travel routes for every possible purpose (business, shopping, outing, etc.). The results indicated that the car would prove faster in seventeen per cent of the journeys. Only seventeen per cent, not more—but not less. This comes to an average of 150 to 160 cars per thousand inhabitants. This figure was taken

as a basis in formulating the development plan targets for the provision of car parks, service stations, garages and so forth.

This idea of the Leningraders is interesting from many points of view; in particular, it is an entirely new approach—cars are not just “tolerated” in the city under pressure from car-owners, but are invited for the purpose of carrying out work that is useful and necessary to society. On the other hand, there is no built-in suspicion that the town-dweller suffers from blind automania, of a desire to possess a car, come what may, without stopping to think whether it is more convenient to have one or not.

The proposals are of course based not only—and perhaps not even mainly—on the probable human attitude to the problem of car ownership. It also takes account of the need for developing mass public transport, in particular, making it more comfortable and attractive—indeed, making it competitive with the privately owned car.

Thus, in Leningrad the numbers of buses, trolley buses, etc., to be provided, and their operating schedules are so calculated as to ensure that even at peak hours there will be no more than two persons per square metre of floor space in each vehicle. This means that all but a few passengers will travel seated.

### Which Horse to Back?

Attempts to back public transport or private cars to the exclusion of

either are pointless. This becomes still more obvious if one admits the fact that as we progress ownership acquires an increasingly social quality. So Leningraders are laying the emphasis on the use of cars, not on the principle of ownership.

Today it is cheaper to run buses—from the standpoint of the public purse—than to provide services for vast numbers of private cars. Tomorrow it may well prove to be more profitable to operate a fleet of public cars than to defray the expenses entailed by the undue proliferation of privately owned cars. Cars in a public pool are necessarily in fuller use; so a city will need far fewer of them than private cars.

Consequently the figure of 150 cars per thousand inhabitants postulated by Leningrad's general plan does not mean at all that a large part of the city's population will be categorically “excommunicated” from the car.

For the benefit of general town plans it appears well worthwhile calculating the number of public cars that could meet the city's requirements, provided high speed non-road transport facilities were available for long-distance communication. This may have an influence on the plan.

Whatever the outcome of such research, one fundamental principle is certainly obvious. All urban transport facilities make up one integrated and interdependent system where public transport can always influence the number of privately owned cars.

## AQUA VITAE

Every medical practitioner knows the patient who doesn't think he can possibly get well unless he has a prescription—there's something magic about those Latin words in the near-illegible doctor's scrawl. And more often than not the patient needs nothing at all in the way of medicine.

Here is a prescription made out by one eminent physician for a patient for this kind in the sixties of last century:

Aquae fontis	100.0
Illae repetitae	40.0
Eadem destillata	12.0
Hydrogenii protoxidati	0.32
Nil aliud	1.25
1-2 drops three times a day.	

As you see, it is an impressive prescription, and both patient and doctor were happy about it.

But if it is translated into plain



words, this is what we get:

Well water	100.0
The same again	40.0
The same, only distilled	12.0
Hydrogen oxide (i.e. water)	1.32
Nothing else	1.25

The medicine made up from this prescription was a great success.

(From the collection of Professor N. Bernstein, Moscow)

Simplicity is the main condition for moral beauty. Truth is spoken briefly; lies are always longwinded.

Leo Tolstoy



## WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT VENUS . . .



AND NOW  
SHE  
SPEAKS  
FOR  
HERSELF

*from the weekly Nedelya*

A conclave of eminent scientists, astronomers and writers whose works on Venus are famous had gathered round the table. The same question was put to each one of them: "What have you to say about Venus?"

"You have in mind Lucifer, the morning star, I presume?" asked an Ancient Greek scholar whose name is buried in antiquity.

"Excuse me, highly respected one," broke in another Ancient Greek, an astronomer, whose name has also failed to come down to posterity. "They are asking us about Vesper, the evening star. . ."

An argument thereupon started up between the two old men, with constant interruptions from some Ancient Egyptians who would insist that the morning star was Tiomutiri, and the star of evening Ouaiti.

"There's no point in our colleagues getting so heated," Pythagorus said with a calm air. "I have verified that Lucifer and Vesper are precisely the same star."

"Vesper is one of the most beautiful stars in the firmament," declaimed Homer.

"In September 1610," said Galileo proudly, "I wrote the following phrase—in Latin, of course: 'The mother of love is imitating the patterns of Cynthia'. That was how I

recorded my discovery of the phases of Venus. It will be clear to you, of course, when I say that Cynthia is the Moon."

"I spent a long time wondering whether the waters of Venus would be suitable for christening babies and the wine there for communion," Kircher, a medieval priest commented glumly. "But in the absence of precise astronomical knowledge I was unable to resolve this problem so vital to my calling."

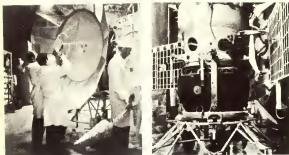
"And I spent such a long time pondering over the question whether musical instruments on Venus were akin to our harps and flutes. I conducted a number of experiments, but to no avail," said Christian Huygens, inventor of the pendulum clock.

"I established that Venus was surrounded by an aerial atmosphere as thick, if not thicker, than that surrounding our own terrestrial globe", put in Mikhail Lomonosov, Russian scientist and poet.

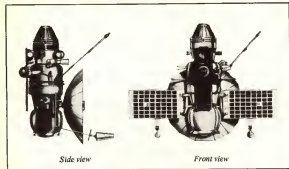
"And there is no doubt whatever that Venus turns on its own axis," added Sir William Herschel, the astronomer.

Out of the blue from Napoleon came the highly unscientific remark: "Venus is my lucky star."

"Allow me to say a few words, if I may," said Grutchuysen, another astronomer. "Twice I observed an



*Soviet automatic station Venus-4.*



*Side view*

*Front view*

ashen colour on Venus. The two occasions were in 1759 and 1806—there being 76 Venusian years between. Let's suppose some (Venusian, of course) Alexander the Great or Napoleon had achieved world domination there. If we assume the

average lifespan of a Venusian to be 130 years—that is 80 terrestrial years—a ruler of Venus could quite conceivably reign for 76 Venusian years. So what I saw could be due to general festive illuminations to mark the accession of new rulers to



Diagram of the flight and landing:

1. Near-Venus orbiting
2. Separation of package to be landed on Venus.
3. Breaking the fall in atmosphere.
4. Opening braking parachutes.
5. Opening main parachute and beginning radio transmission.
6. Switching on radio-operated altimeter and other measuring instruments.
7. Landing.



*Touch-down (test).*

the throne of Venus."

He thought for a minute or so, then added: "Or perhaps the people of Venus had set fire to large tracts of jungle to create more arable land. In that way, perhaps, tremendous migrations and possibly war between nations were prevented, since the reasons for both were eliminated."

"How strange it is that no one present at this assemblage at the round table should have seen fit to link the moral and ethical with the astronomical," Milton declaimed,

throwing up his hands in despair. "I would remind you that a long time ago, when I wrote *Paradise Lost* I expressed the view that the inclination of the Earth's axis was due to the Fall of Man. And since the axis of Venus is inclined at an even greater angle, it is clear that Adam and Eve must have committed an even deadlier sin on that planet!"

"That's sheer frivolity," inter-polated Camille Flammarion, yet another astronomer, with a con-descending smile. "As a result of the sharp inclination of the Venusian axis there is an odd distribution of climatic zones on that planet. The hot zones, for instance, extend right to the edge of the polar zones, and on the other hand, arctic areas lie cheek by jowl with tropical regions. Thus there are no temperate latitudes on Venus, for they are all polar or tropical. One can imagine what a contrast there must be between the polar frost of winter and the scorching heat of summer! Perhaps there is air and water on Venus, as on our Earth.

"On the basis of authenticated astronomical observations we may draw the following conclusions: Venus differs little from the Earth in size and density. Venus is nearer to the Sun, and has a bigger and denser atmosphere. It appears therefore that Venus may have its own flora and fauna, and be peopled by beings having some resemblance to ourselves."

Everything that has been written and said over the centuries about

Venus even by the most respected authorities has been based on conjecture, on observation, reasoning and calculation. Now let Venus speak for herself.

### *Conversation with Venus on October 18, 1967*

"How do you feel, esteemed neighbour?"

"Very well, thank you. I'm feeling the heat a little. I've a temperature—it fluctuates between 104° and 536° on your Fahrenheit thermometers."

"There's been no rise in pressure, I hope."

"I musn't grumble. From one to fifteen atmospheres. I've just had my pressure measured."

"What about the air?"

"To my mind it's clean, transparent, and fresh: it is almost completely made up of carbon dioxide."

"How do you get on without oxygen?"

"I don't have to. Oxygen and water vapour make up about one and a half per cent of my atmosphere."

"Surely you can't get along entirely without nitrogen?"

"Well, no one has found any noticeable trace of it yet. But who knows?"

"How did you receive your namesake, the Soviet automatic station Venus-4?"

"With all the celebrated Venusian joy and pleasure. Your first emblem was already with me, and the pair of us awaited Venus-4 together. She was quite punctual, you know.

Arrived just when she was supposed to, at 7.34 a.m. Moscow Time on October 18. My namesake proved very thorough and inquisitive. For an hour and a half she made a study of my surface from a distance of about 15 miles before she condescended to land."

"Venus-4 reported that as she drew near to you she established that there was no magnetic field or radiation belts in your vicinity."

"She knows what she's talking about!"

"And then it turns out that you're one of the nobility. You wear a crown."

"What me! No, it's not much of a crown, and anyway it's only made of hydrogen."

"Lastly, what would you like to say to our readers?"

"Tell them I hope we'll get to know one another even better in future."

*The emblem and flag  
which were landed on Venus.*



## **3,500 YEARS TOO LATE**

*from Trud*

In 1913 the museum in the city of Ivanovo-Voznesensk added an Egyptian mummy to its exhibits.

After more than half a century of undisturbed peace in the museum, the mummy has been having a medical examination.

Dr. Alexander Benevolensky has been able to establish what the disease was that killed the young Egyptian girl 3,500 years ago—it is one that today could be cured by any nerve specialist.

However, the diagnosis made is merely a side issue to Benevolensky's main field of research. His objective is to find ways of preserving the body's tissues for a long time and to develop aromatic balsams that resist the destructive action of bacteria.



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# MAXIM GORKY

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His life was full of ordeals, suffering, and danger. During the terrible famine of 1891, for instance, Alexei Peshkov trudged with crowds of starving people through the Ukraine, the Crimea, and the Caucasus. What did this hardship engender in the youth? A feeling of protest, an eagerness to fight, and an unprecedented burst of energy.


Gorky did not leave danger behind when he became a writer. When he was already a prominent figure in literature he was thrown into prison, and Leo Tolstoi and others interceded with the authorities to secure his release. Before long he was arrested again and exiled.

In his *Song of the Falcon* Gorky glorified "the joy of battle", and in *Song of the Stormy Petrel*—the delight of fighting for life. The hero of his first play *The Petty Bourgeois*, engine driver Nil, sees the main purpose and joy of living in "plunging into the very midst of life".

In depicting Luka, in his philosophical drama *The Lower Depths*, Gorky did not deny his sincerity, his desire to make human life easier even by way of illusion. But he showed that moral narcotics stupely man for a short while and then plunge him into even greater desperation, without changing anything. Through another character in this play, Satin, he declares that one should not merely pity a man,

The founder of Soviet literature, Maxim Gorky (the pen-name of Alexei Maximovich Peshkov), began his career as a writer long before the October Revolution. His first short story *Makar Chudra* was published in 1892 when the author was 24 years old (the centenary of his birth will be celebrated on March 28, 1968). By then he already had more experience of the world than most of the celebrated Russian authors who were his predecessors or contemporaries.

Gorky told the story of his life in his well-known autobiographical trilogy, the novels *Childhood*, *My Apprenticeship*, and *My Universities* and in his short stories *My Companion*, *Kononov*, *A Man is Born*, *First Love*, and many others.



М Горький

but respect him, have faith in his ability to reshape life, and urge him to do it—"Man is a proud word".

In this way Gorky raised the question of genuine and false humanism, of active and passive humanism, a question which he subsequently approached from different angles in many of his books. It may be said without exaggeration that by his comprehensive and passionate formulation of this problem, Gorky made an important contribution to the spiritual life of mankind.

A no less valuable contribution was Gorky's elaboration of the two main subjects of his literary endeavours—the subject of the "resurrection of the soul" and the subject of "the destruction of personality". This theme found fullest expression in the novel *Mother*, in which Gorky showed that if a man dissociates himself from the destinies of the people, from the stormy march of history, he kills his soul and destroys his personality: nothing spoils one's individuality like individualism. This theme was the keynote of many of Gorky's works and found its most vivid and profound expression in Soviet years, namely in the epic *Life of Klím Samgín*.

The author portrays Klím Samgín against a broad historical canvas, showing the life of Russian intellectuals during the forty years that preceded the Revolution, their quests, disputes and mistakes. It is "the story of an empty soul", the



Left: Maxim Gorky and Fyodor Chaliapin in Nizhny Novgorod (now the city of Gorky) on the River Volga.

Right: Maxim Gorky saying good-bye to his friend Romain Rolland. Moscow, 1935.



Maxim Gorky and Mark Twain (centre at the table) with a group of young writers. New York, 1906.

story of a man who aspires to the role of spiritual leader of society, who boasts of his incomparable personality, and draws attention to himself, whereas his thoughts and actions show his spiritual emptiness and moral degradation.

By the outbreak of the October Revolution Gorky was at the height of his powers.

After the Revolution he wrote many new works: the novels *The Artamonov Business* and *Life of Klím Samgín*, and plays *Yegor Bulychov and Others*, *Dostigayev and Others*, which were a landmark in the theatre and exerted a great influence on the development of theatrical art. And can Gorky's fiery anti-fascist writings be ever forgotten?

During his last years a pulmonary disease sapped his health, and in 1936 he died.



## SONG OF THE STORMY PETREL

by Maxim GORKY

O'er the silver plain of ocean winds are gathering the storm-clouds, and between the clouds and ocean proudly wheels the Stormy Petrel, like a streak of sable lightning.

Now his wing the wave caresses, now he rises like an arrow, cleaving clouds and crying fiercely, while the clouds detect a rapture in the bird's courageous crying.

In that crying sounds a craving for the tempest! Sounds the flaming of his passion, of his anger, of his confidence in triumph.

The gulls are moaning in their terror—moaning, darting o'er the waters, and would gladly hide their horror in the inky depths of ocean.

And the grebes are also moaning. Not for them the nameless rapture of the struggle. They are frightened by the crashing of the thunder.

And the foolish penguins cower in the crevices of rocks, while alone the Stormy Petrel proudly wheels above the ocean, o'er the silver-frothing waters!

Ever lower, ever blacker, sink the storm-clouds to the sea, and the singing waves are mounting in their yearning toward the thunder.

Strikes the thunder. Now the waters fiercely battle with the winds. And the winds in fury seize them in unbreakable embrace, hurling down the emerald masses to be shattered on the cliffs.

Like a streak of sable lightning wheels and cries the Stormy Petrel, piercing storm-clouds like an arrow, cutting swiftly through the waters.

He is coursing like a Demon, the black Demon of the tempest, ever laughing, ever sobbing—he is laughing at the storm-clouds, he is sobbing with his rapture.

In the crashing of the thunder the wise Demon hears a murmur of exhaustion. He is certain that the clouds will not obliterate the sun; that the storm-clouds never, never, will obliterate the sun.

The waters roar . . . The thunder crashes . . .

Livid lightning flares in storm-clouds o'er the vast expanse of ocean, and the flaming darts are captured and extinguished by the waters, while the serpentine reflections writhe, expiring, in the deep.

The storm! The storm will soon be breaking!

Still the valiant Stormy Petrel proudly wheels among the lightning, o'er the roaring, raging ocean, and his cry resounds exultant, like a prophecy of triumph—

Let it break in all its fury!

*Translated from the Russian by Margaret Wettle*



*This picture of Gorky  
was taken in 1934.*

# ROBINSON CRUSOE



*Daniel Defoe's Robinson Crusoe is very popular in the Soviet Union. Since 1917 it has been published 150 times in 37 languages. More than 4.5 million copies have been sold. However, while millions upon millions know of Crusoe's adventures on the island, few have read about his journey to Russia. Robinson Crusoe travelled in Russia for 16 months, covering nearly 5,000 miles on foot, by horse and camel, and also by boat along the rivers Vychegda and Northern Dvina to Archangel.*

# IN RUSSIA

by Nikolai Severin

from the weekly NEDEL'YA



Perhaps not one in 50,000 of those who read the immortal *Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner, 1719*, abbreviated to plain *Robinson Crusoe* in later editions, read the sequel, *The Farther Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, published in the same year.

Robinson Crusoe travelled together

with 60 merchants from Muscovy and five from Scotland, bringing silks, tea and other wares from China. The caravan stretched out in a long chain, slowly moving from Peking, north-east into the interior of the Asian continent.

The dogged, greying English sailor passed through the Siberian towns of Nerchinsk, Irkutsk, and Yeniseisk,

and wintered in Tobolsk.

"The most wonderful thing of all was, that it should be possible to meet with good company here, in a country so barbarous as that of the most northerly parts in Europe, near the frozen Ocean, and within but a few degrees of Nova Zembla." (Robinson Crusoe was exaggerating a little—he did not get that close to Novaya Zemlya.)

After eight winter months in Tobolsk Crusoe continued his journey. "It was the beginning of June, when I left this remote place, a city, I believe, little heard of in the world; and indeed it is so far out of the road of commerce, that I know not bow it should be much talk'd of." This time the old mariner had for company the son of a banished Russian prince. The young man was running away from Siberia.

Crusoe and the young prince in their small caravan followed the Rivers Tobot and Tura, over the Ural Mountains, and down the River Visher to the River Kama.

"In five days we came to Veuslima, upon the River Witzogda, and running into the Dwina, we were there very happily near the end of our travels by land, that river being navigable in seven days passage to Arch-Angel." (By Veuslima he apparently meant the village of Ustvima.)

The travellers went by river to Yarensk, a small town in Vologda Region. From Yarensk they sailed down the Vycheгда and the Northern Dwina to Archangel—an eleven-day journey. Crusoe and his companion

freighted a German ship at Archangel and sailed for Hamburg on August 20, 1704. They spent four months in Hamburg, selling very profitably the Siberian furs and Chinese wares which they had brought with them. Then the young prince left for Vienna to visit his father's friends.

Crusoe arrived back in London on January 10, 1705—the end of a journey that took 10 years and nine months.

The Second Robinson Crusoe book had only a trace of the unadorned yet gripping and dramatic style that made the first *Robinson Crusoe* so eagerly sought after throughout the world. Nevertheless, some read it with interest.

"Defoe," said the Russian historian Alexeyev, "kept away from the tall stories about Siberia that were widespread in European society in the seventeenth century, and was very careful about the way he handled even the most trustworthy information about Siberia. Crusoe follows the trail of a genuine trip through Siberia, and the names of towns and villages are copied exactly from the best maps of those times.

"The book does not contain a single detail that could not have been verified in literary sources of the early eighteenth century. Defoe used all the information at his disposal to attain credibility.

"This is the main conclusion to be drawn from a study of the work—this first attempt in European literature to paint a picture of Siberia."

Early eighteenth-century England

knew of the route from Archangel along the Northern Dwina and Vycheгда, across the Urals and into Siberia. The region was described in *A Brief History of Moscovia* by John Milton; there was also a book containing information collected by the missionary Aurelle in 1678 on Siberia and the way to China. Defoe unquestionably drew on these sources, but, according to Alexeyev, his basic material came from diaries of Russian ambassadors in China.

A Russian embassy headed by Nikolai Spafary went to Peking in 1675-78, and kept notes on the trip. Another Russian embassy followed the same route 17 years later. The Danish merchant Evert Ides Isbrant (called Elizari Elizarovich by the Russians) headed this group, and a member of the party, Adam Brant, wrote a book on the journey, which was published in German in 1697 and soon translated into English. The merchant Isbrant published his report on the trip to China in 1704 in Dutch and in 1706 in English.

Defoe drew freely on all these sources and maps based on Russian reports to describe Crusoe's Russian journey. The eleven days given by Defoe for the Yarensk-Archangel journey, a distance of about 450 miles, was accurate. Average rowing speed along the Vycheгда and Northern Dwina would be about 40-45 miles a day. Thus Defoe must have carefully checked reports of travellers on these rivers.

As a child I played Robinson Crusoe, building grass huts on the banks of the Vycheгда and Northern

Dwina. When I grew up I found that one of my favourite story-book heroes had travelled on these very same rivers and I felt impelled to retrace Crusoe's route.

Ustvim, where Crusoe stopped, has been a centre of habitation from ancient times. Archaeologists have found relics there more than 2,000 years old. Farther along, at Kotlas, are water and rail transport depots, for the city is the gateway to the North and centre of a vast timber industry.

Passenger diesels ply the Northern Dwina, passing tugs pulling huge log rafts. Over the tree-tops rise church cupolas recalling the North's past. Beautiful rolling meadows form a picturesque background for the Dwina villages, with their spacious northern houses adorned with wood-carving.

As if by magic, snow-white shores and strangely shaped cliffs appear after ten days' journey. They are gypsum deposits of the Perm era, and nearby pink gypsum, yellow-streaked, is quarried—the best in the USSR.

We pass the cliff on which, according to the chronicles, "The son of an envoy from Novgorod, Luka Varfolomeyev, founded the city of Orlets on the Dwina in 1342." Next come Ust-Pinega where the log-rafters live, and Vavbuga, cradle of the Russian Fleet, where Peter the Great built his first warships. And then the village of Lomonosovskoye, where the famous Russian scientist Lomonosov was born. And finally we come to Archangel, the world's biggest timber port, where Robinson Crusoe ended his Russian travels.



# LOOK BEYOND THE FACE

by Tatyana Tess

*from the magazine Iskustvo Kino*

*(Cinema Art)*

There is a tendency among documentary film-makers today to take a more psychological approach, not confining themselves to a record of events, but penetrating deeper and deeper into man's inner self, probing his thoughts and feelings. Audience appeal is thus increased—viewers are more deeply moved, are provoked to thought and reflection to find answers to problems important to them. Some documentary film-makers can invade man's inner world; others can discover it anew. It does not seem important whether candid-camera or conventional techniques with the hero posing openly before the cameraman are used. The crux of the matter is the director's creative approach.

Leningrad Documentary Film

Studio has released *Look into the Face*. The film was shot at Leonardo da Vinci's "Madonna Litta" in the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad. By candid-camera method the film's producers strove to capture the moment of man's contact with a great work of art—one of the most inspiring and intimate in man's spiritual life. At such moments man's inner world can be read, as if floodlit, from his face. Studying people's faces, the film's producers claim, is the theme of their work. But I have good grounds to say that they have succeeded in looking into the human soul as well.

People react differently to art. Studying "Madonna Litta" some visualize the dazzling blue of the Italian sky; others see in her the

*Continued on page 154*

# LOOK BEYOND THE FACE continued



*People react differently to art. Each brings to his mind some interest of his own, near and dear to him exclusively.*



## LOOK BEYOND THE FACE *continued*

noble incarnation of earthly motherhood. Each brings to his mind some interest of his own, near and dear to him exclusively.

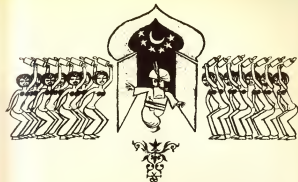
Perhaps some do not feel anything when they look at "Madonna Litta". Could their hearts and souls be sealed against her appeal? Yes, there are some like this. . . . Well—and what? One man observed of "Mona Lisa" that she enraptured so many people with her immortal beauty that now she could choose for herself those to whom she should appeal. This is true of "Madonna Litta".

Yes, people perceive art differently. Some are thrilled, some stunned; others may feel bewildered, sad or joyful. Some even become frightened or oppressed by the overpowering beauty revealed to them. But never before have we been able to see what the candid camera shows us from the Hermitage Museum. One might find it embarrassing to spy on a man during intimate moments of his nearness to beauty. But the film makers were tactful. They shot it with such consideration and subtlety that the sanctity of these moments before "Madonna Litta" was not marred.

*Look into the Face*, fascinating with its sheer poetry, is something original in film art because it portrays a host of human feelings while man journeys for a brief ten minutes to the world of the beautiful.

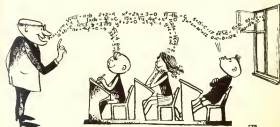


Drawing by TEET KUUSMAA



Drawing by HEINRICH VALK

Drawing by TEET KUUSMAA



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# WORKERS AND BOOKS

What does the Soviet worker read?  
Does his choice of books depend on his level  
of qualification?

These and other problems have been  
investigated by Sergei Guryanov, M.A. (Ph.),  
jointly with the trade union library staff of the  
First Ball-Bearing Works in Moscow.

They analysed readers' library cards, circulated  
questionnaires and talked to the workers  
themselves. Out of 6,720 library cards they  
held up 840 for examination, i.e. one out of  
every eight cards.

## *Do All the Workers Read? Who Reads Most?*

The first thing we wanted to know  
was how different was the cultural  
level of the skilled and the unskilled  
workers, and who read more books.

The 840 library users approached  
were divided into five groups accord-  
ing to their industrial qualifications.  
The first group consisted of assembly  
line operators; the second, lathe  
operators; the third, labourers;

*from the magazine*

*V Mire Knig*

*(The World of Books)*

the fourth, stvedores and earth-  
diggers; and the fifth, fitters.

Each group contained the same  
number of readers. The total num-  
ber of men and women was also  
about equal.

The picture we got after all the  
figures had been counted, was as  
follows: the workers in the first  
group read 1,996 books in six  
months; in the second—1,558;  
in the third—1,894; in the fourth—  
1,766; and in the fifth—1,709.  
As you see, the difference in the  
number of books read by highly  
skilled and unskilled workers was  
negligible.

On the average the worker  
reads about two books a month.  
Women read a little less than men.  
It is true that the books themselves  
are different as those read by men  
and women. For example, the men  
in the first group read 130 technical  
books in six months and women only  
26. At the same time women read  
more fiction than men.

## *Their Favourite Books*

The following table shows  
the number of books the 840 workers  
read in six months.

Type of literature	Number of books read
Technical	727
Historical	329
War memoirs	98
Classics	301
Modern Soviet	3,525
Modern Foreign	1,973

Science fiction and adventure	232
Art	197
Total:	7,382

## *Private Libraries*

The questionnaires showed that  
many workers had collections of  
books at their homes. According  
to our statistics, 143 workers  
have collections of 10-50 books;  
forty-two have private libraries  
of 50 to 200 books; and eighteen—  
200 to 1,000 books. Only five workers  
out of the 208 approached had no  
books at all.

## *One More Question*

To get a fuller picture of the  
cultural requirements of the workers  
we put this question to 800 workers:  
"If the working day were shorter  
and you had more free time, how  
would you use it?" The answers  
were as follows:

	Answers in % to the number of workers approached
Watch more TV programmes	7.5
Go to school, institute, college, do more reading	27.0
Go to the theatre and take up art as a hobby	17.5
Go in for sport	24.5
Rest and do nothing	2.0
Find more work in addition to my present job	1.0
Do some inventing to improve production	20.0
Don't know	0.5



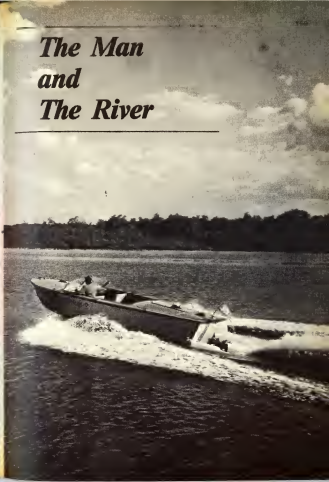
*Just as in the mating season eels from all over the world make for the Caribbean, so the valuable salmon swim in great shoals up the Pechora to their spawning grounds every spring and autumn.*

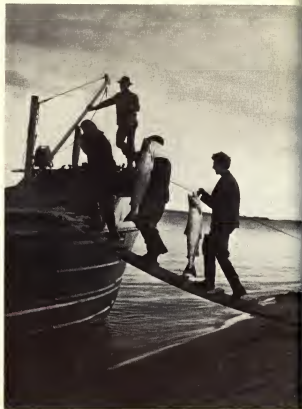
*Yevgeni Kurbatov lived in Kiev, with its pleasant climate and southern abundance. He went to university there, played water polo—and got dreadfully bored. He wanted a life that would demand more of him, so he went north, to the River Pechora, where he got all that he bargained for.*



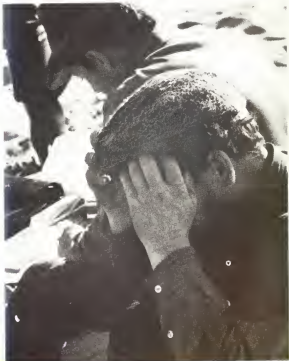
## *The Man and The River*

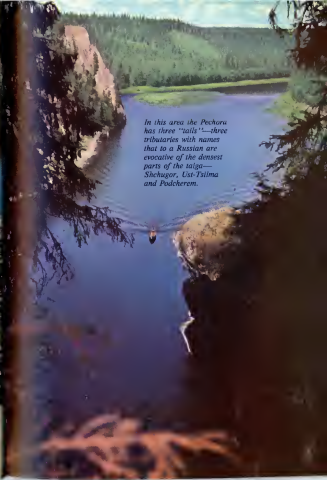
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*All along the river Yevgeni Kurbatov is respected for his eagle eye—he is salmon warden responsible for a 120-mile stretch of fifty mile wide taiga (almost impenetrable Siberian forest) fringing the river. To help him he has a staff of seven ichthyologists, seven drivers, three captains of big launches used for expeditions, and a motor mechanic. But when the warden goes on patrol he prefers to go alone, for that way he makes less noise. He is the bane of the poachers. Once a poacher shot at him pointblank, but although wounded, Kurbatov managed to catch and arrest his quarry after a chase through about a mile of dense taiga.*





*In this area the Pechora has three "tails"—three tributaries with names that to a Russian are evocative of the densest parts of the taiga—Shehugor, Ust-Tsilma and Podcherem.*



*When timber is being rafted down the river, Kurbatov likes to go down to the estuary, to the giant timber mills at Naryan-Mar and Pechora. He is especially impressed by the work of the rafters, who are geniuses when it comes to sorting out log jams and speeding the timber on its way. It is not an easy job, and requires quite a knack. They use their poles in a highly sensitive manner, despite the fact that they are constantly in danger of landing in that great boiling mass of water and timber.*







*An old folk song says: "Yonder lies the ocean,  
there flows the Pechora. . ."  
This is how it looks when you are on a trip  
there.*





## TRY EATING THE AZERBAIJANIAN WAY



Your basic needs will be:-

- a fair bit of mutton (about five pounds). For an Azerbaijanian housewife that's a mere nothing,
- a great deal of patience—but patience will be rewarded,
- a fellow diner with a good liver and the ability to appreciate your efforts and skill.



### Kyufta-Bozbash Soup

*For 2 portions:*

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb mutton (not too fatty)
- 3 onions
- 5 Tbs rice
- 4 prunes
- 1 egg
- 1 tomato
- 4 potatoes

*Salt, pepper, parsley and dill to taste*

Mince mutton with 2 onions, season with salt and pepper, add 2 Tbs uncooked rice and finely chopped parsley and dill. Mix well, divide mixture into four parts and shape four balls with a prune in the middle of each one.

Cover mutton bones with 4-5 cups of water and make stock. When cool, add 1 finely chopped onion, 3 Tbs rice, potatoes cut into quarters, finely chopped tomatoes, parsley and dill, add salt and pepper to taste, and bring to the boil.

As soon as the stock boils, add balls of meat and simmer for half an hour on a medium gas.

Before serving add beaten egg and chopped dill.

### Pilau Turshi

*For 4 portions:*

- 2 lbs breast of mutton
- 3 breakfastcup rice
- 4 big onions
- 5-6 oz prunes and dried apricots
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb clarified butter

Dough—"Kazmak"

- 1 egg
- 5-6 oz sour cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$  breakfastcup flour
- Salt to taste

Clean and sort over rice, add salt to taste, add cold water and leave for 7-8 hours. Drain, sprinkle into boiling water, lightly salted, and boil until half-cooked. Use plenty of water, drain in colander and wash in the water in which the rice has been cooked.

To prepare dough—mix flour and sour cream, and salt according to taste.

Take a saucepan (if possible with a curved bottom), put in a table-spoonful of clarified butter and bring to boiling point. Line the bottom of the saucepan with a thin layer of dough and keep it on a low gas for 2 minutes.

Heap the rice (previously boiled) in the pan, immediately add  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb butter, cover with a closely fitting lid and cook in a low oven for 40 minutes.

Cut mutton into small pieces, as if for ragout, and fry in butter on all sides until brown. Cut onions into large pieces, add to them the dried fruit, mix, season with salt and pepper, put it all in the frying pan with the





*Fried Meat—Azerbaijani Style*

meat and cook them together for a further 20 minutes. Turn it all out into a small saucepan, add a little meat stock and cook until quite tender.

Place the meat and rice on a plate, but without mixing them. Decorate with pieces of dough.

Serve very hot.

#### **Chicken Pilau**

Prepare rice and dough as for mutton pilau.

Boil a spring chicken until tender, cut into four and steam for five minutes.

In serving, first put a layer of rice on the plate, then chicken, then more rice. Arrange pieces of dough round the edge.

Slowly fry raisins, dried apricots and almonds ( $\frac{1}{2}$  lb altogether) in butter for 5-7 minutes, and use to garnish the rice.

#### **Fried Meat— Azerbaijani Style**

*For 2 portions*

*1½ lb mutton*

*1 onion*

*1 Tbs tomato paste*

*2½ Tbs vegetable oil*

*1 Tbs flour*



*Pilau Turshi*

*¼ breakfastcup meat stock*  
*Salt and pepper to taste*  
*Parsley and dill to taste*

Cut the mutton into two and fry until nicely browned. Put the pan in the oven and cook slowly with the lid on for 20 minutes.

Add tomato paste, chopped onion, finely chopped parsley and dill, flour, salt, pepper, mix and transfer to a saucepan. Pour on stock, cover, and cook on a low gas until the meat is tender.

This is best served with fried potatoes. First put the potatoes on a dish, arrange mutton on top and then

sprinkle with chopped parsley and dill. Slices of lemon and any kind of salt pickle may be served too.

#### **Tea—Azerbaijan Style**

Put 2 teaspoons of any kind of tea into a moderate-sized earthenware teapot, half fill the pot with boiling water, cover with a tea-cosy or towel, and leave to brew for 5 minutes on the edge of the stove near a hot gas ring.

Then add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of cinnamon, fill up the pot with water, leave with the lid on for another minute, and the tea is ready.



*19th century tile with wild birds and flowers, a traditional Russian motif.*



*Tile depicting a church at the Pskor-Pechyera Monastery.*

*This military scene shows Russian cavalry going into the attack*



*This multicoloured decoration was on the facade of a boyar's house.*



*Tiled stove decorated by Mikhail Vrubel, the artist, (1856-1910).*

**by Yevgeni Osetrov**

*from the magazine Smena*

## TALE OF THE TILES

In the rigorous Russian winters the stove was a haven of warmth, a symbol of home. It was so venerated that people did their best to make the stove decorative, too, and the custom of facing it with ornamental tiles developed.

These tiles had designs of all kinds on them, including geometrical patterns, figures and humorous or

instructive scenes with amusing captions.

At first Russian stoves had ordinary tiles with rather simple designs in relief—circles, rosettes or wavy lines—and the tilemaker was clearly influenced by the wood-carver. Gradually, the tiles assumed more complicated shapes and the decorations became more fanciful, showing plants, animals, birds, human beings and, finally, scenes from life. Some paintings formed a series telling a story in pictures.

The first Russian tiles apparently date back to the tenth century. The earliest traces of them were found in Kiev on the site of Desyatinnaya Church—one of the first Kiev churches to be built of stone. The altar of St. Sofia's Cathedral in Kiev was ornamented with mosaics and coloured tiles, and in princes' mansions coloured tiles were used as flooring. But the Tartar invasion of the thirteenth century halted the progress of ceramics for a long period, and tiles disappeared even from towns untouched by the nomad hordes.

Only in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries did tiles come back into use as a means of decorating buildings. In Moscow they became even more popular than in Kiev, and were used on exteriors.

During Peter the Great's reign (early eighteenth century) there were significant changes. Relief glazed tiles gave way to tiles with pictures on them. The fashion was for stove tiles covered with an opaque white enamel and then painted in blue.

These appeared after the victorious Northern War, when Peter the Great captured many Swedes and sent them to Moscow. Among these prisoners there were many good potters, who taught their techniques to Moscow potters. Blue-and-white, the tiles became popular throughout Russia. Stoves faced with such tiles can be found in Suzdal and many northern areas, such as Archangel.

Near Moscow is an old estate called Abramtsevo. Its history is closely associated with the Aksakova, a family of writers. The artist Mikhail Vrubel frequently went to Abramtsevo to make pottery. In the wooden tower-room which he made his studio, works of Russian folk art are exhibited along with Vrubel's ceramics portraying Pushkin's beautiful Swan Princess and Czar Gvidon and the dashing Mizghir from Ostrovsky's "Snow Maiden".

Visitors admire Vrubel's ornamented tiles facing the fire-place. The artist had a unique understanding of the style and spirit of the old artists of Russia, yet his ceramics lack the serenity and inner harmony of his predecessors. The artist was interested in the way the folk artists thought, rather than the decorative aspect of the tiles.

In a letter dated 1891, Vrubel wrote: "Now I am back at Abramtsevo, and once again hear that intimate national note I so want to catch . . . It is the music of a man who is at one with himself." This national note in Vrubel's tiles and pottery brings the art of past centuries close to our day.

# RUSSIAN MADE EASY

## Lesson Five (УРОК ПЯТЫЙ)

Meet a Russian Family

Познакомьтесь с  
русской семьёй



Éto yá, Vladimir Ivánovich  
Это я, Владимир Иванович  
This I, Vladimir Ivanovich

Éto moyá zhená Tamára  
Это моя жена Тамара  
This my wife Tamara

Petróv.  
Петров.  
Petrov.

Nikolájevna Petróva.  
Николаевна Петрова.  
Nikolayevna Petrova.



Éto nash sIn Sáša.  
Это наш сын Саша.  
This our son Sasha.

Éto násha doch' Liza.  
Это наша дочь Лиза.  
This our daughter Liza.



Éto náshi déti.  
Это наши дети.  
This our children.

Éto nash pápa  
Это наш папа  
This our father

i násha máma.  
и наша мама.  
and our mother.



Éto mói brat Sáscha.  
 Это мой брат Саша.  
 This my brother Sasha.

Éto moyá sestrá Natásha.  
 Это моя сестра Наташа.  
 This my sister Natasha.

This is the Petrovs' summer cottage (dacha).



### Дача

Zdes' zhivút Petróvi.  
 Здесь живут Петровы.  
 Here live Petrovs.

Here live the Petrovs.

U nih krasívli dom i  
 У них красивый дом и  
 At them beautiful house and

They have a beautiful house and

nebolshói sad.  
 небольшой сад.  
 small orchard.

a small orchard.

Tam stoít nóvaya mashína.  
 Там стоит новая машина.  
 There stand new car.

There is a new car there.

Tam bégayet sobáka.  
 Там бегает собака.  
 There run dog.

The dog is running there.

Sevódnya pápa i máma  
 Сегодня папа и мама  
 Today father and mother

Today father and mother

yédut v górod.  
 едут в город.  
 go to city.

are going to the city.

Déti igraýut.  
 Дети играют.  
 Children play.

The children are playing.

Sobáka tózhe igraýet.  
 Собака тоже играет.  
 Dog also play.

The dog is also playing.

The table below illustrates the endings of nouns, adjectives and possessive pronouns in each of the three genders.\*

Gender

Masculine	Éto	mói	(tvói)	dorogói	syn
	Это	мой	(твой)	дорогой	сын
	This	my	(your)	dear	son
	Éto	nash	(vash)	krasívli	dom
	Это	наш	(ваш)	красивый	дом
This	our	(your)	beautiful	house	
Feminine	Éto	moyá	(tvoyá)	dorogáya	zhena
	Это	моя	(твоя)	дорогая	жена
	This	my	(your)	dear	wife
	Éto	násha	(vásha)	nóvaya	mashína
	Это	наша	(ваша)	новая	машина
This	our	(your)	new	car	
Neuter	Éto	moyó	(tvoyó)	bol'shóye	shást'ye
	Это	мое	(твое)	большое	счастье
	This	my	(your)	big	happiness
	Éto	náshe	(váshe)	shirókoye	okno
	Это	наше	(ваше)	широкое	окно
This	our	(your)	broad	window	

\* In the plural the possessive pronouns assume the following forms: **МОН, ТВОИ, НАШИ, ВАШИ ДЕТИ.**

"It's easy all right.  
Just takes  
a little practice."



Read the following dialogues. Note the use of the word "счастье" (happiness, luck).

Какая интересная женщина!  
«Какая интересная женщина!»  
What interesting woman.

What a pretty woman!

Это моя жена.  
«Это моя жена.»  
This my wife.

This is my wife.

Какое счастье!  
«Какое счастье!»  
What happiness!

Isn't that marvellous!

Вы так думаете?  
«Вы так думаете?»  
You so think?

You think so?

У вас есть дети?  
«У вас есть дети?»  
At you is children?

Have you any children?

Да, сын и дочь.  
«Да, сын и дочь.»  
Yes, son and daughter.

Yes, a son and a daughter.

Они уже учатся?  
«Они уже учатся?»  
They already study?

Do they go to school?

Да.  
«Да.»  
Yes.

Yes.

Они хорошо учатся?  
«Они хорошо учатся?»  
They well study?

Are they doing well (at school)?

Отлично. Это наше счастье.  
«Отлично. Это наше счастье.»  
Excellent. This our luck.

Very well indeed. We are very fortunate that way.

Exercise 1. Read the questions and complete the answers.  
Check with key at bottom of page.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1) «Это ваш красивый дом?»<br>«Да, это ...»  | 5) «Это твоя сестра?»<br>«Да, это ...» |
| 2) «Это ваша новая машина?»<br>«Да, это ...» | 6) «Это твой брат?»<br>«Да, это ...»   |
| 3) «Это ваша жена?»<br>«Да, это ...»         | 7) «Это ваша собака?»<br>«Да, это ...» |
| 4) «Это ваши дети?»<br>«Да, это ...»         |  |

Exercise 2. Look at the pictures and answer the questions.  
Check your answers by the key at the end of the page.



1. Кто это?  
Что он делает?



2. Кто это?  
Что они делают?



3. Кто это?  
Что они делают?



4. Кто это?  
Что она делает?

Key to exercise 1: 1) Да, это наш дом. 2) Да, это наша новая машина. 3) Да, это моя жена. 4) Да, это наши дети. 5) Да, это моя сестра. 6) Да, это мой брат. 7) Да, это наша собака.

Key to exercise 2: 1) Это Владимир Иванович Петров. Он стоит. 2) Это Владимир Иванович Петров и Тамара Николаевна Петрова. Они едут в город. 3) Это Саша и Лиза. Они играют. 4) Это собака. Она бегает и играет.

## Russian Language Treasure Chest

## I

Ты опять не Муж: «Ты опять не You again not	Isn't the supper
prigotóvila úzhin? приготовила ужин? prepared supper?	ready?
Ya idú v restorán. «Я иду в ресторан.» I go in restaurant.	I'm going to the restaurant.
Podozhdi, požáлуйста, Жена: «Подожди, пожалуйста, Wait, please,	Wait ten minutes,
désyat' minút. десять минут. ten minutes.	please.
Ты приготóvish Муж: «Ты приготóvish You will prepare	Are you going to get
úzhin? ужин? supper?	supper ready?
Nyet, ya pereodénus' Жена: «Нет, я переоденусь No, I will change (my clothes)	No, I'll change
i poídú s tobói. и пойду с тобой.» and will go with you.	and go with you.

## II

U vas prekrásni vid! «У вас прекрасный вид!» At you beautiful appearance!	You look so well!
---	-------------------

Ya gulyáyu kázhdú den'.  
«Я гуляю каждый день.»  
I walk every day.

I go for a walk every day.

Kak khoroshó  
«Как хорошо!»  
So well.

Isn't that wonderful!

Nye znáyu.  
«Не знаю.»  
Not know.

I wouldn't say that.

Pochemú zhe?  
«Почему же?»  
Why?

Why so?

Ya idú gulyát'  
«Я иду гулять.»  
I go to walk

I go out

kogdá mî  
когда мы  
when we

when my husband and

ssórim'sya s múzhem.  
ссоримся с мужем.»  
quarrel with husband.

I quarrel.

In this connection we say:  
Milye branyátsya tól'ko téshatsya.  
Милые бранятся — только темятся.

Dear ones having a tiff (are) only amusing themselves.  
(Lovers' tiffs are harmless.)

## VOCABULARY (СЛОВАРЬ)

большой, -ая, -ое, -ие браниться брат вани, -а, -е, -и вид гулять	bol'shóy, áya, óye, iye brani't'sya brat vash, a, e, i vid gulyát'	large, big have a tiff brother your appearance, look walk, go for a walk
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дача	<i>dácha</i>	villa, summer cottage
день, дни	<i>den', dni</i>	day, days
дети	<i>déti</i>	children
дом, -а	<i>dom, domá</i>	house, houses
дорогой, -ая, -ое, -ие	<i>dorogói, óya, óye, íye</i>	dear, darling
дочь, -ери	<i>docht', dochéři</i>	daughter, daughters
думать	<i>dúmat'</i>	think
ехать	<i>yékhai'</i>	go, ride
жена	<i>zhéná</i>	wife
жить	<i>zhít'</i>	live
здесь	<i>zdes'</i>	here
знать	<i>znat'</i>	know
играть	<i>igrát'</i>	play
идти	<i>idít'</i>	go, walk
интересный, -ая, -ое, -ие	<i>interésmi, aya, oye, lye</i>	interesting
каждый, -ая, -ое, -ие	<i>kázhdli, aya, oye, lye</i>	each, every
какой, -ая, -ое, -ие	<i>kakói, óya, óye, íye</i>	what, which
конечно	<i>konéchno</i>	of course
мама, -ы	<i>máma, mámi</i>	mother, mothers
милый, -ая, -ое, -ие	<i>míli, aya, oye, lye</i>	dear, nice
минута, -ы	<i>minúta, minúti</i>	minute, minutes
мой, моя, моё, мои	<i>mói, móya, moyó, moyí</i>	my
муж, мужья	<i>muzh, muzhyó</i>	husband, husbands
наш, -а, -е, -и	<i>násh, a, e, i</i>	our
небольшой, -ая, -ое, -ие	<i>netól'shói, óya, óye, íye</i>	not large, small
опять	<i>opyát'</i>	again
отлично	<i>otlíchno</i>	excellent, fine
папа, -ы	<i>pápa, pápi</i>	father, fathers
переодеться	<i>pereodéti'sya</i>	change one's clothes
прекрасный, -ая, -ое, -ие	<i>prekrásni, aya, oye, lye</i>	beautiful
подождать	<i>podozhdát'</i>	wait a while
сад, -а	<i>sad, sadí</i>	garden, gardens orchard, orchards
семья, -и	<i>semyá, sémyi</i>	family, families
сестра, -ы	<i>sestrá, syéstri</i>	sister, sisters
сориться	<i>sóriti'sya</i>	quarrel
счастье	<i>shchást'ye</i>	happiness, luck
сын, сыновья	<i>sin, sínov'yá</i>	son, sons
там	<i>tam</i>	there
твой, твоя, твоё, твои	<i>tvói, tvoyá, tvoyó, tvoyí</i>	your
тепиться	<i>téshít'sya</i>	enjoy oneself, amuse
только	<i>tól'ko</i>	only, just

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- SPACE:** Tests for would-be astronauts. A photo story about the past, present and future of astronauts.
- SOCIOLOGY:** Is man signing his own death warrant? Soviet scientists discuss the population explosion and its consequence.
- ARCHITECTURE:** A Soviet architect's plan for saving the Leaning Tower of Pisa.
- SPORT:** Gennadi Volnov, the finest basketball player in Europe.
- MEDICINE:** Is the sun good or bad for health? Some medical men claim it is Killer No. 1.
- ART:** Vladimir Favorsky, graphic artist and Grand Old Man.

CARTOONS: COLOUR: FASHION: COOKING



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